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NOVEMBER 24, 1978

WHAT MAKES JOHN PAUL RUN
By Malachi B. Martin

NATIONAL REVIEW

The Antitrust Witch Hunt

Yale Brozen

The Cleverest Man In England

Duncan Williams

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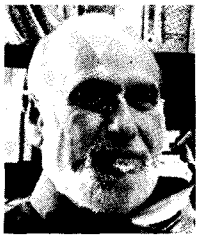

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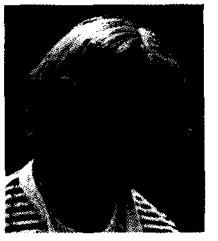

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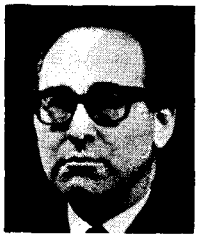

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ARTICLES & COLUMNS

1469 **Tiny Horrors**
Equatorial Guinea may trail the Gulag Archipelago statistically, but in quality it need fear no comparison. *Paul Gigot*

1470 **The Antitrust Witch Hunt**
Federal enforcers have a way of redefining offenses in such a way as to keep themselves with plenty to enforce. Thus HEW, for instance, keeps expanding the notions of racial and sexual discrimination to include atrocities like "differential impact" and father–son banquets. In like manner, observes the author, the Federal Trade Commission has now redefined "restraint of trade" to include the successful *expansion* of trade. Orwell, thou shouldst be living at this hour! *Yale Brozen*

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Berkeley, headquarters for Sixties kiddiecrats, has calmed down—and grown up. *Jeff Nelligan*

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In France Solzhenitsyn is In, leftism is Out (or at least Out-going), and the Right is growing in influence and power—notably in the press. Can it happen here? *Thomas Molnar*

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Passaic Community College has rediscovered the virtues of rigor—and recovered academic vigor. *Russell Kirk*

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The Servile State, reissued 66 years after its first publication, tells more about Hilaire Belloc than about the last 66 years. *M. J. Sobran*

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Jorge Edwards (*Persona Non Grata: An Envoy in Castro's Cuba*) explains how Fidel has survived. *Selden Rodman*

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With *Autumn Sonata*, Ingmar Bergman seems to be meeting Woody Allen halfway. *John Simon*

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1492 **The Sinatra Line**
The fans of Ol' Blue Eyes are back. (They never really left.) *David Evanier*

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On Rocky Horror's head horrors accumulate. *D. Keith Mano*

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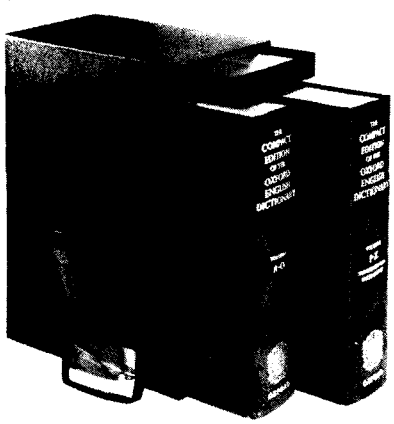

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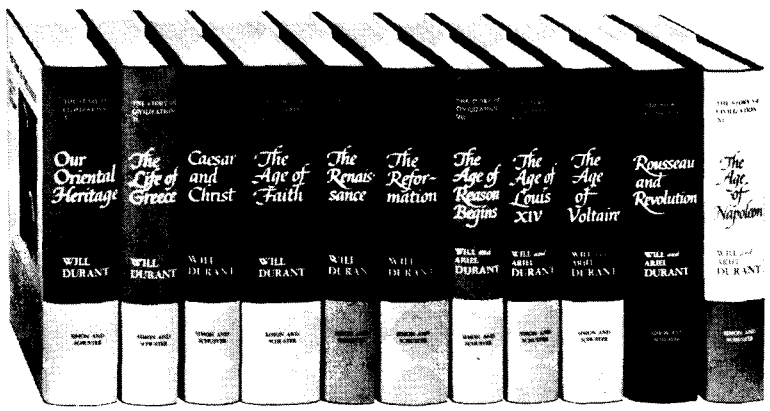

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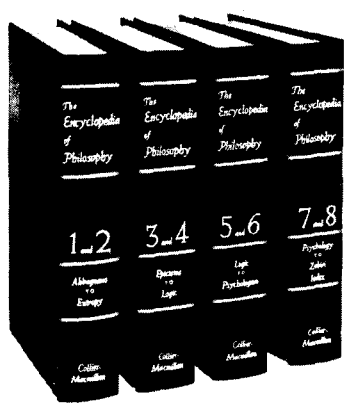

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Letters

I Sold My Soul to Jesus

John Greenway, by God or by Hensley, is some kinda funny guy ["The Modesto Messiah," Nov. 10]. And Kirby Hensley is some kinda fraud. I ain't no Methodist either. The success of the right Reverend Hensley, backwater buffoon, testifies to the perspicacity of the American people —that is, the Peeple celebrated by H. L. Mencken. Hensley is the best reason I know for repealing the free-exercise clause of the First Amendment.

Yet for all his religious quackery, Kirby J. Hensley is not all that different from those other door-to-door religious salesmen among us. I turn on my TV set on Sunday morning, or tune in the car radio, and there is inevitably some huckster from Tulsa, Oklahoma selling Holy Water; or Reverend Moon, Korean Savior, whose half-crazed disciples kidnap vulnerable adolescents; or Oral Roberts, who would never make the mistake of setting a calendrical date on the millennium because he delivers a "miracle" every Sunday on Channel 2. Or Billy Graham, more respectable, but still guilty of a religious hokum that whoops it up for the Lord, preferably in large football stadiums where he can charge admission. As Judas advised Christ in *Jesus Christ Superstar*: "You'd have managed better if you'd had it planned." Kirby J. Hensley, et al., have done the Lord one better. As the bumper sticker says, "Honk if you love Jesus."

Christopher Johns
Madison, Wis.

Gay Advocates

I oppose firing teachers merely because they are, or are rumored to be, homosexual. However, I believe that a school board is entitled, if it so wishes, to fire teachers who "advocate, solicit, impose, encourage, or promote private or public sexual acts between persons of the same sex in a manner likely to come to the attention of other employees or students." According to you ["The Week," Oct. 13], this makes me a "queer-baiter." Pray tell 1) why; 2) why you use a dismissive term for those who disagree with you—there surely are reasonable arguments on both sides; 3) why you think "queer-baiting is in the air," when the promotion of homosexual lifestyles as more interesting than heterosexual ones certainly is *on* the air more than the opposite. I'm eager to learn.

Ceterum censeo that teachers are not entitled to more protection than other employees.

Ernest van den Haag
New York, N.Y.

We didn't say that Dr. van den Haag or any other opponent of "gay rights" is necessarily a queer-baiter. We should, however, have acknowledged the preponderance he refers to: surely the current anti-homosexual sentiments are a response to the extravagant claims of the militant homosexuals (heavily promoted by the media), and California's Proposition 6 is a statewide counterattack on local gay victories in San Francisco and Berkeley. Still, it seems to us an overreaction to legislate at the state level what ought to be a matter of local discretion. We also deplore thinly veiled NATIONAL REVIEW*-baiting.* —ED.

Closet Liberal

NR's selection of David Brudnoy as an analyst of Massachusetts politics ["One Hand Clapping," Oct. 13] was questionable, to say the least. This ego-sated, overrated closet liberal masquerading as a conservative has come forth with the following "conservative" truths on his nightly radio talk-show in Boston: 1) Anita Bryant is an evil woman; 2) Phyllis Schlafly is an ugly woman; 3) Patrick Buchanan is a very poor writer; 4) Jeffrey Bell is a despicable little worm.

Brudnoy's myopic view of the results of our recent Massachusetts primary overlooked the trouncing of ultra-liberal Pat McCarthy by anti-buser Brian Donnelly in a congressional race, the 3 to 1 shellacking of liberal Larry Dicara by conservative Bob Crane for Treasurer of the Commonwealth, and the fact that it took thousands of liberal Democrats crossing party lines to nip Avi Nelson in his battle with Senator Brooke.

William Michael Murray
Dedham, Mass.

Sex and the West

I read with some puzzlement the article by M. J. Sobran on the Sergeant Matlovich movie ["Fly Me," Sept. 29]. He is very good on the Matlovich presentation. However, I seem to gather from his introductory remarks that where sexuality is concerned he sees only two modes: a) the right mode, which is roughly according to natural law theory—that is, reproduction-related and confined to marriage; and b) the wrong mode, which he views as mere physical activity or "friction."

In this he seems to desert the methodology of his oft-quoted Samuel Johnson, who on most things appealed to human experience, most notably the experience of the West. Mr. Sobran's modes do not accommodate the pattern of courtly love

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celebrated by the Troubadours, which was openly adulterous and, as C. S. Lewis pointed out, changed the manners of the West. Mr. Sobran's modes do not accommodate Dante, Restoration comedy, or Goethe's *Faust*, let alone D. H. Lawrence or Henry Miller. William James wrote about the "varieties" of *agape*; and, on the appeal to experience, *eros* has its varieties too. Which are valid and which are not must be a very intricate question.

Suzy Kropotkin
Odessa, Tex.

"Right" and "wrong" seem to be more intelligible than "valid" and "invalid." How are we to resolve any "very intricate question" without clear principles? I posit as moral poles marital love and, say, sadistic rape. There are fine gradations all along the scale in between, but I'd rank promiscuous homosexuality nearer the lower than the higher extreme. The question of what is legally tolerable is another matter. But Johnson himself thought that prostitution should be fought with "severe laws, steadily enforced." As for Lewis, who taught us so much about romantic love, he endorsed the old Christian rule: "Either marriage, with complete faithfulness to your partner, or else total abstinence." —MJS

Capital Dilemma

"Senator Long has badly garbled the House bill that would have indexed the capital gains tax and limited the maximum rate to 35 per cent" ["The Week," Oct. 13]. NATIONAL REVIEW has badly garbled Senator Long. Under the bill reported out by the Senate Finance Committee, the maximum rate of tax on net long-term capital gains would be 21 per cent (70 per cent of 30 per cent of the gain) for an individual who pays the alternative minimum tax. Contrary to what is implied in your editorial, the Finance Committee's version of the minimum tax would not be added on to the taxpayer's regular tax liability; it would be payable only if it exceeded the regular liability. (In this, it differs from the present minimum tax.)

Concededly, any minimum tax suffers from a serious conceptual flaw (the notion that the sum of a bunch of legitimate deductions is an illegitimate deduction), but, so far as capital gains are concerned, Senator Long's approach is superior to either present law or the House-passed measure.

Thomas Veal
New York, N.Y.

Early reports did not point out how entirely different the Committee's "minimum tax" was from the present minimum tax and we were indeed guilty of perpetuating this confusion. The Senate Committee bill, however, did reduce rates in the low brackets, where the argument for reduction is weakest. The present 7 per cent rate on capital gains in the lowest bracket need not be lowered to 4.2 per cent (14 per cent of 30 per cent of the gain) to induce more investment and unlock present assets. Moreover, a lower tax rate even in this bracket remains a poor trade for indexing. Even a 21 per cent tax is literally confiscatory to the extent that a capital gain simply keeps pace with inflation. While any tax relief that we can afford is welcome, the Steiger-Archer combination of a maximum rate plus indexing stands the best chance of maximizing both the volume and the turnover of investment, and thus increasing tax revenues. —ED.

Equal Rights for Schoolboys

Will ERA produce revolutionary changes in American society ["The Week," Oct. 27]? Consider its possible impact on the plight of schoolboys in their female-dominated environment: We know that, on the average, young girls tend to get better grades than young boys. This may be due in part to the fact that most grade-school teachers are women who may, consciously or not, elicit academically rewarding behavior more often from girls than from boys. Further, most tests in the grade schools are of the multiple-choice type, and on these females tend to have an intuitive edge over males.

Therefore, in an effort to minimize sexual bias in the dispensation of rewards and punishments in the grade schools, will ERA a) require that our schoolteachers be evenly divided between men and women; b) render the multiple-choice exam unconstitutional; c) both of the above; or d) none of the above?

James Soriano
Arlington, Va.

Isolationism

Regrettably, in his review of Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s *Robert Kennedy*, Chilton Williamson Jr. ["The Magic Photo Album," Oct. 27] criticizes Joseph P. Kennedy, the father, for the one thing most to the credit of the Kennedys: his effort, like Lindbergh's, to foil Roosevelt's attempts to get America into World War II.

Williamson ridicules "his pusillanimous support of Neville Chamberlain's policy of appeasement." Chamberlain did not support a "policy of appeasement." It was a policy of belated justice, of allowing a long overdue rectification of the Versailles Treaty's violations of self-determination. Kennedy at least recognized the justice of Germany's demands.

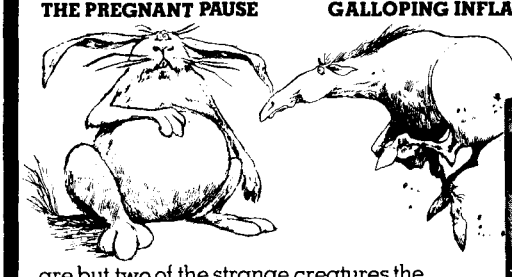
Austin J. App
Takoma Park, Md.

THE PERFECT TICKET
For a political delight!

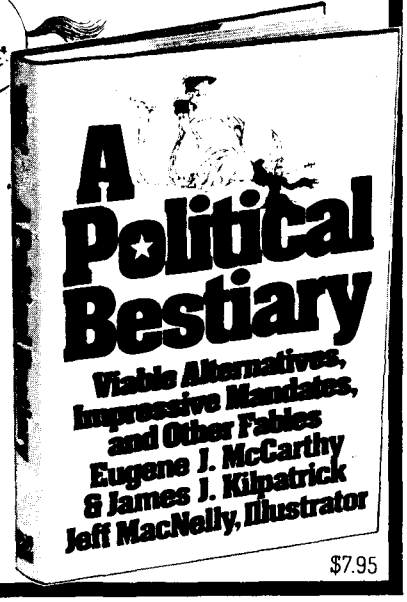
EUGENE J. McCARTHY
(writer, lecturer, author, and former Senator)

JAMES J. KILPATRICK
(syndicated columnist, author, and TV commentator)

They are the most unlikely twosome ever to hunt the banks of the Potomac. Their quarry: the tired jargon that hide in political thickets.



are but two of the strange creatures the erstwhile duo flush out in this wickedly funny satire on the language of government and bureaucracy. Collaborating in their fearless endeavor is **Jeff MacNelly**, the Pulitzer-Prize-winning cartoonist, who unerringly captures the characteristics of a species that will *not* vanish. "A witty, lighthearted frolic through the swamps and forests of Washington officialese and political punditry ...As a guide through the bureaucratic zoo, this book has no peer." —*Publishers Weekly*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Viable Alternatives, Impressive Mandates, and Other Fables
Eugene J. McCarthy & James J. Kilpatrick
Jeff MacNelly, Illustrator

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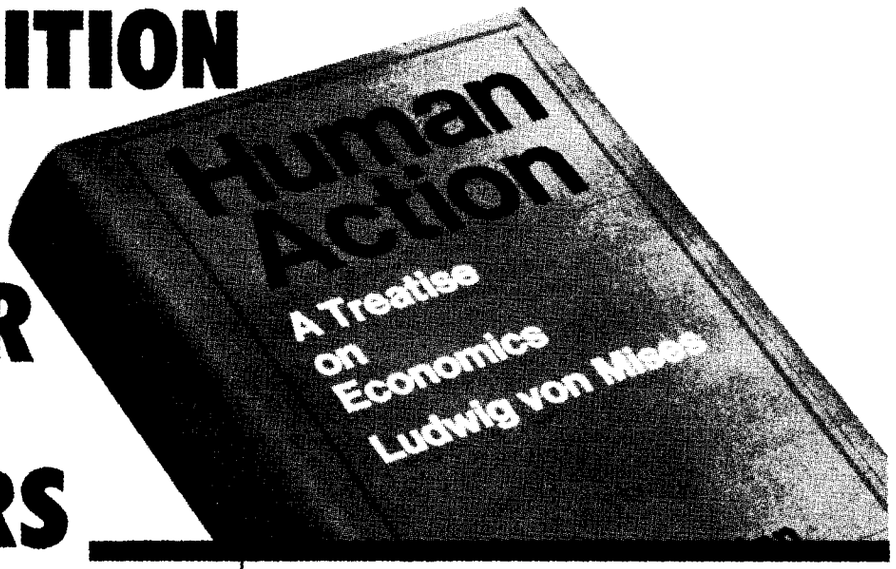

"It rests with men whether they will make the proper use of the rich treasure with which this knowledge [of economics] provides them or whether they will leave it unused. But if they fail to take the best advantage of it and disregard its teachings and warnings, they will not annul economics; they will stamp out society and the human race." — Ludwig von Mises

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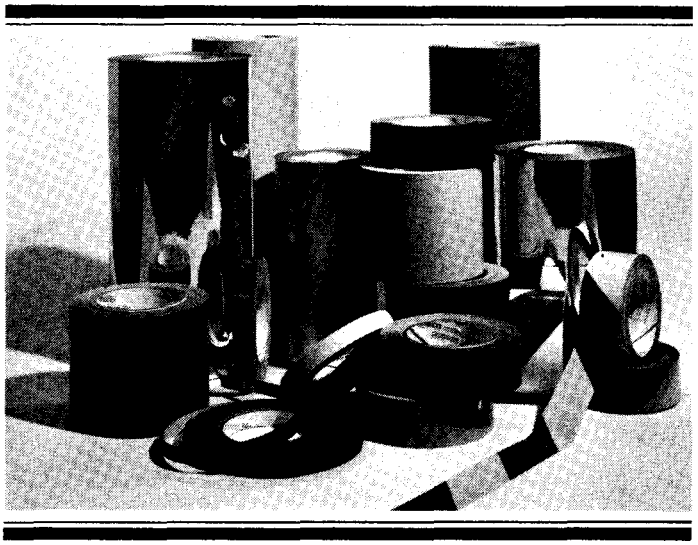

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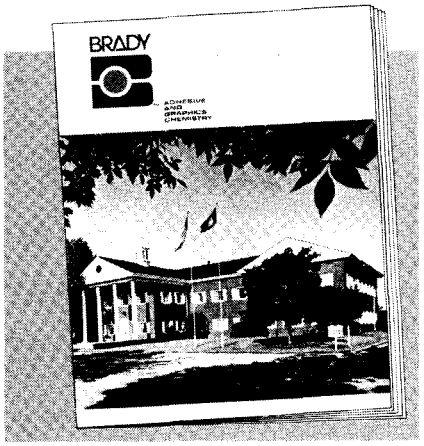

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Don't Bury the Living

I object to your "Rhodesia, R I P" ["The Week," Oct. 27]. A leading conservative periodical is expected to encourage the continuation of freedom in those few parts of the world where it still exists. By throwing in the sponge, you have perhaps weakened the determination of some of your readers to continue their support of Rhodesia. And perhaps at this time a little more encouragement is all that is necessary to preserve freedom in the only country in Africa where all liberties are now available to all citizens.

Ian Smith was given a fair hearing when he first came to our country. But now he gets the silent treatment from most of the media and a black eye from you. Let's root for our side; the game is not over.

Frederic DePeyster
Litchfield, Conn.

Cheap Shot

John J. Lynch's shot ["Letters," Oct. 27] at Father Donald Crosby is aimed at the wrong target. Father Crosby, in his book on Joe McCarthy and the Catholics, did not have the Senator embraced by Cardinal "Gangplank Billy" O'Connell. Father Crosby would not tolerate any brand of fantasy, liberal or otherwise. Indeed, one of his most significant findings was a refutation of the left-wing myth that McCarthy was leading a Holy Crusade. I could add that as his dissertation supervisor I would have caught the O'Connell anachronism, but since Don never said anything of the sort my vigilance was unneeded.

John P. Roche
Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy
Tufts University
Medford, Mass.

Salt Can Kill

Joseph Martino ["Letters," Oct. 13] is wrong in his discussion of table salt when he says that the acceptable daily intake is 1/100 of the largest daily dosage showing no harm in extended laboratory tests. This rule-of-thumb is used for petitions for new food additives, but it does not apply to substances that are generally recognized as safe. Water could not pass this test. The daily intake of water is about one liter, but don't try drinking a hundred liters. The writers of the *Journal of Irreproducible Results* should consult the scientific literature, where they will find many reports showing that salt is lethal at dietary levels far less than one hundred times the concentration of salt in body fluids (about 0.9 per cent). Victims of shipwrecks who drink sea-water do not fare too well.

Thomas H. Jukes
Department of Nutritional Sciences
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

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LOVE LETTERS TO A CAR COMPANY?

You'd probably never dream of writing a love letter to the company that built your car. Yet at Volvo, we get them all the time.

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But some people who own Volvos aren't merely happy. They're absolutely ecstatic.

People like Orv Jacobson of Ocean Shores, Washington: "Now that it's at the 200,000 mile mark, I figure it has another 200,000 more miles in it...you just don't trade in members of your family."

Mary Howard of West Trenton, New Jersey: "This is the first time in my life that I still had a good car after it was paid for."

Or, The Reverend Ernest G. Olsen of Westfield, New Jersey who, after 225,000 trouble-free miles, says simply: "Love that Volvo."

If you can't think of any love stories to write about your present car, maybe your next car should be a Volvo.

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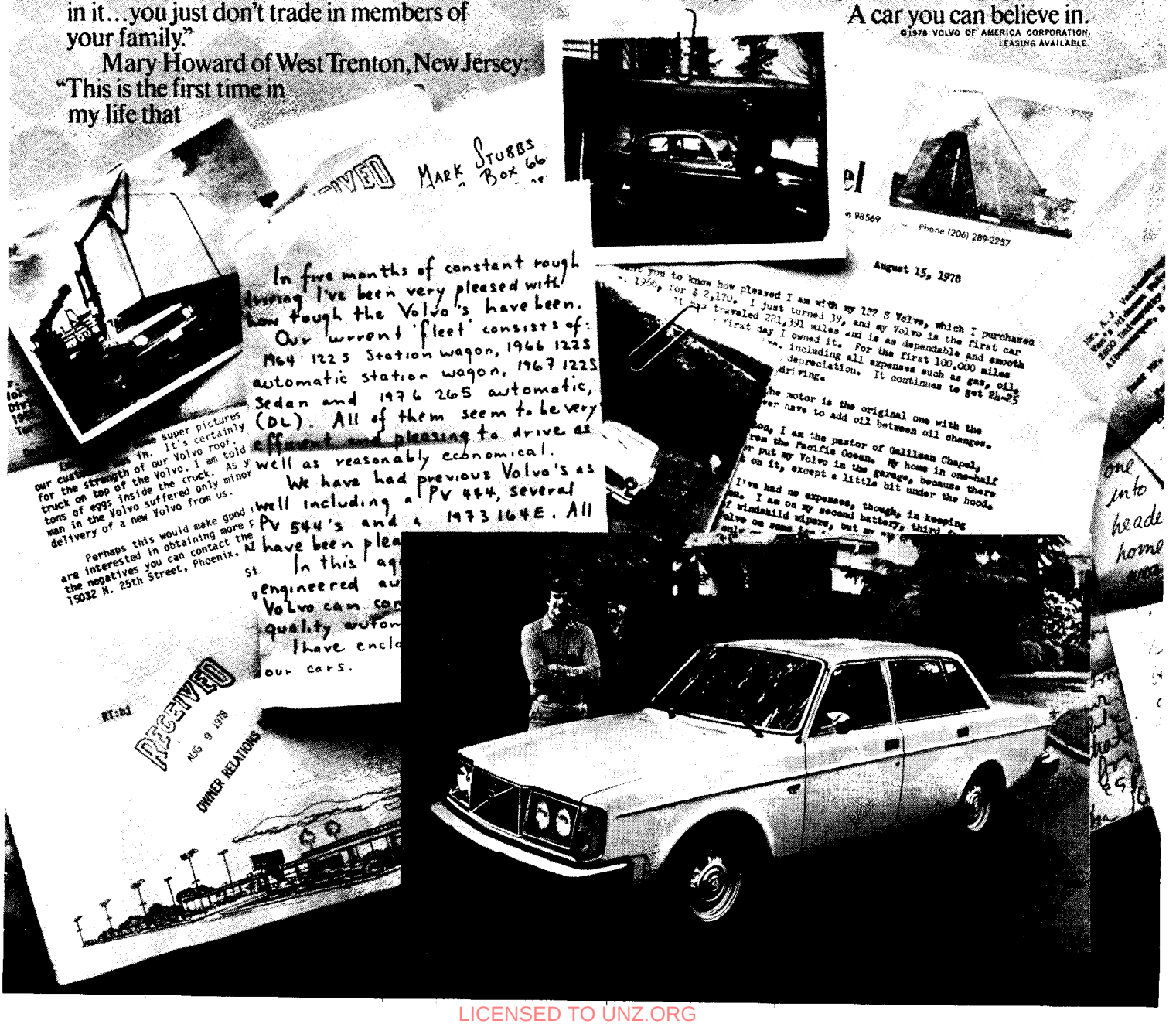

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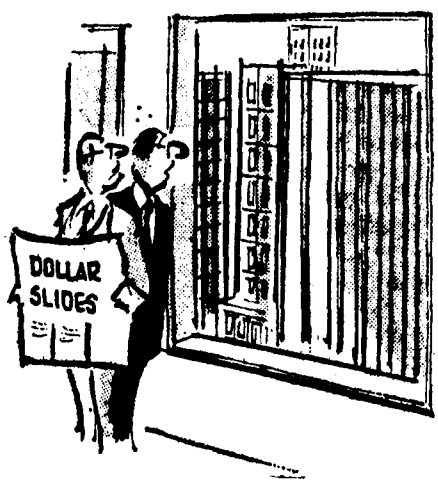
FOR THE RECORD

■ What happened to the various propositions, referenda, motions on state ballots November 7? . . . Labor won a big one in Missouri where the first **right-to-work** measure to be put to a referendum in twenty years was beaten 6 to 4. Big money poured into the state; Labor enrolled thousands of new voters. . . . California voters said no twice, to **Prop 5**, that would have severely curtailed smoking in public places, and to **Prop 6**, to permit the firing of homosexual teachers. . . . A tax-limitation (TL) amendment carried, in **Michigan**, 51 per cent to 49 per cent. Michigan Education Association spent $600,000 on media in Michigan, up from $250,000 in 1976. Tax-limitation campaign spent $110,000. . . . In **Colorado**, a lack of financial support and solid political base contributed to defeat of TL, 58 per cent to 42 per cent (about the same losing margin that TL suffered in Michigan first time, 1976); opposition in Colorado spent $100,000, TL campaign $30,000 on media. . . . In **Oregon**, a Proposition 13 clone went down to defeat. . . . TL won in **Texas** 2 to 1, in **Arizona** 3 to 1. . . . In **Hawaii**, TL was Proposition 11, easily adopted. . . . In **Illinois**, Gov. **Thompson**'s advisory referendum passed overwhelmingly, calling on the legislature to offer a TL amendment to the voters for approval (Illinois does not have initiative process). . . . President **Lew Uhler** of the National Tax-Limitation Committee (now drawing up a federal amendment) says TL "is alive and well." . . . Oregon voted in favor of **capital punishment**; California to extend the number of crimes for which that penalty could be applied. . . . Gambling was out: Floridians don't want **casinos**, New Jersey opposes parimutuel betting on **jai alai**, Virginia (Virginia!) won't countenance **horse racing**. . . . Montanans voted to restrict severely the building of **nuclear power plants** in the state. . . . **Florida** rejected an equal-rights amendment to the state constitution.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"The trouble with modern windows is that they don't open."

■ Some zany endorsements: **Charles Percy** went into his cliffhanger with the endorsement of all of Illinois' major papers, the **AFL-CIO**, the **United Auto Workers**, the Illinois chapter of the **ADA**, plus **Jesse Jackson** and **Muhammad Ali**. They came in to counter smear by Percy opponent **Alex Seith** that tried to tie Percy in with the alleged racism of former Agriculture Secretary **Earl Butz** (a masterly job by **Tony Schwartz**, the NYC media man who once said **Goldwater** wanted to nuke little girls in daisy fields). . . . In Minnesota, Republican winner **David Durenberger**, in the senatorial race against **Robert Short**, got the endorsement of the local ADA; Short failed to win the okay of important labor unions in the state. . . . The very tight senatorial race in Texas was due in part to heavy registration of **Chicanos**. Late figures show white registration up 23 per cent. . . . An issue that weighed so heavily last fall, winter, and spring sank under the tidal wave of Prop 13 to be heard no more. In none of the newspaper, TV, or radio reports on the election did anyone suggest that a candidate won or lost because he did, or did not, support the **Panama treaties**.

■ Money: A *New York Times* summary says various Political Action Committees—labor, trade associations, corporations—poured $18.7 million into various races. . . . Two-thirds went to Democrats, with **Labor** giving $5.6 million to Democrats, only $400,000 to Republicans. . . . **Corporations** favored the GOP, by a paper-thin $2.5 to $2.3 million. . . . Democrat or Republican, the **incumbent** had it over the **challenger**, receiving $12.5 million to the challengers' $3.1 million. . . . In the last fortnight of the campaign, the **Republican National Committee** poured big money into four races: **Robert Griffin**, Mich. (he lost), **Edward Brooke**, Mass. (he lost), **James Martin**, Ala. (he lost), **John Tower**, Tex.—the only winner of the group. . . . Texas, like Minnesota, saw the GOP resurgent with the unexpected victory of **William Clements** over Attorney General **John Hill** in gubernatorial race. Clements is solid conservative. . . . In New York there have been no reports as yet on how Communist gubernatorial candidate **Jarvis Tyner** made out. He campaigned on a platform of "People before Profits."

■ Last-minute **Jimmy Carter** appearance on Wall Street to boost **Hugh Carey** was disrupted not by hecklers but by concerned citizens who wanted to know why Secret Service agents with bomb-sniffing dogs were not equipped with pooper-scoopers.

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When E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

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THE WEEK

■ Q. What's the difference between "voluntary" and "mandatory" wage-price controls?

A. About six months.

■ On election night, loser after loser stepped to the mike to concede the victory, praising his opponent for a clean campaign, thanking his loyal workers, and promising to help the winner in every way—which is precisely the kind of hip-deep sheep dip that kept 65 per cent of the voters away from the polls, holding their noses.

■ Remember the spring of 1973, when Nixon began his second term? Remember the legions of stonewallers and hardliners he planned to pack into the Executive Branch, and how the dark night of despotism loomed over the amber waves of grain? Remember? Well, if you don't, then you'll probably forget President Carter's appointment of John McGarry to the Federal Election Commission. The FEC was set up in 1975 to supervise the electoral hijinks of both challengers and incumbents. The incumbents don't like it; and so Carter has picked a former employee of Tip O'Neill's for a Commission slot. O'Neill met McGarry at the House Administration Committee, where McGarry was counsel. McGarry has also acted as chief staffer for the House Special Committee to Investigate Campaign Expenditures, where his knack for burying alleged violations earned him the nickname of "the gravedigger." McGarry's nomination has been snarled in Congress since 1977; so Carter appointed him as a "recess nominee," without need of Senate confirmation. To do so, however, he was forced to remove a sitting member of the FEC, Neil Staebler, also a Democrat, though considerably less pliant, as witness that he refuses to be removed. Staebler has let McGarry have his office, but will continue to attend meetings, and has meanwhile taken the whole mess to court.

■ In recent weeks, the American Friends Service Committee has been sponsoring a national tour by a speaker named Russell Johnson. He appears on campuses and before church and other groups. According to one newspaper account, the AFSC "has sent Johnson on fact-finding trips all over the world to study the problems of peace and foreign relations. He communicates the results of his trips to college and university audiences around the country." It is a little difficult to know what Quakerism is in 1978, but Russell Johnson seems to be straight New Left. As the result of "29 years" in the field, he comes up with his central recommendations: the U.S. should disarm completely, and do it now. Then the Soviets would do likewise. He pushes cold war revisionist figures like D. F. Fleming and Noam Chomsky. He regrets the fall of Allende, is friendly toward Castro, and thinks the big threat in the world is the multinational corporation. Watch for him on your campus. Is that really Quakerism? It would be interesting to try it on William Penn.

■ The publishers and the pressmen having come to an agreement, New York's major newspapers are rolling off the presses once again after a three-month strike whose cost has been estimated at $100 million. The whole problem seems to have centered on about one hundred jobs jeopardized by the invention of the wheel, or movable type, or Thomas Edison, all of which means that it costs about $1 million per bed, these days, for feathers. Meanwhile the publisher of the *Post* has sued the publisher of the *News* for $75 million, alleging a conspiracy with the drivers of the delivery trucks to keep the *Post* from bringing out a competitive morning paper. And the innocent bystander may wonder why a great city lets itself be victimized by this self-serving monopoly.

■ The lead article in the November *Reader's Digest* focuses on the National Education Association, "A Washington Lobby Run Rampant." Noting that the NEA and affiliates have a combined budget of $250 million, ten times that of the AFL-CIO, the article quotes NEA President John Ryor: "We will become the foremost political power in the nation." Such power is unsettling; in the hands of these people it's terrifying. For the education lobby stops at nothing to achieve its ends. Two years ago a Michigan court found them guilty of "deceptive and misleading" tactics; this year they repeated the same old blatant lies. And these are the "idealistic" gang who "teach" the nation's children.

■ It is reported that General Motors now has more than twenty thousand full-time employees working solely on federal paperwork and regulations.

■ Austrian voters rejected, by a margin of less than 1 per cent, a government-sponsored referendum to allow the

My Kingdom for a Spy

Remember Mr. Mossadegh?
In Persia, he was very big.
He wept a lot and liked to wear
Pajamas almost everywhere.
Thanks to some CIA relief,
His tenure there was rather brief;
The Shah returned to native soil
And we continued burning oil.
I bet you Jimmy wishes they
Had not destroyed the CIA.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Nuclear power is not the energy form of the future. It is very much a part of the present. And important national decisions must be made if it is to continue to make its contribution to energy supply.

Nuclear plants have been generating electricity commercially in the U.S. since 1957. Today, 71 plants provide 12% of this country's electricity—about as much as we get from hydro-electric dams, more than *all* electric power generated in the country in 1946. In some areas, most of the electricity people use is nuclear. 95 more nuclear stations are now under construction. The number of countries with nuclear power programs is now 53.

A clean record

Nuclear generation of electricity has grown because of its safety, reliability and economy. No other industry started with a greater appreciation of potential hazards. None is operated under more stringent occupational and environmental safeguards.

The American Medical Association's Council on Scientific Affairs recently reported that, among the principal fuels available for electricity production over the next 25 years, nuclear power has the lowest adverse impact on health.

The near future

Nuclear power makes economic sense in meeting growing energy demands and in reducing the nation's dependence on oil and gas.

Unless we try to rely entirely on coal production for generation, or to shut down the economy until forms like solar power prove affordable, nuclear power will become increasingly important to the near-term well-being of the country.

Nuclear policy

The electric utility industry agrees with the many expert opinions that ultimate disposal of radioactive wastes presents no insurmountable technical problems. Several acceptable methods are available.

But failure of the federal government to implement available nuclear waste disposal technology is being mistakenly seen as an indication that the nuclear waste issue cannot be resolved.

Recently, we urged the Administration to take advantage of extensive, existing technical and scientific knowledge and to implement a program on a rigid schedule to provide a spent-fuel storage facility and a waste repository at the earliest practical time. These steps are necessary to assure the continued operation of nuclear power plants, to minimize the uncertainty that has been slowing down commitments for future nuclear plants in this country, and to separate the waste disposal issue from the licensing of new power plants.

Congress has divided responsibility for the national waste management program among several agencies of the federal government. The Department of Energy, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Environmental Protection Agency have elements of responsibility.

Now, Congress must provide additional effective legislative guidance for the waste management and spent-fuel storage programs.

The long run

Opinion polls repeatedly show that majorities of the American people support the use of nuclear energy to generate electricity. Where nuclear plants are in operation, the percentages are even higher.

If we are to be able to take advantage of the economic and energy-supply opportunities presented by nuclear energy, both in the near term and the long term, the federal government will need to take responsible action today.

If you would like to read more about nuclear energy as a source of electricity or learn more about the management of high-level radioactive wastes and spent fuel, write to us: Edison Electric Institute, 90 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016. We will be glad to send you more information.

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newly completed Zwentendorf atomic power plant to go into operation. The Zwentendorf plant, twenty miles northwest of Vienna, was Austria's first, and would have generated 4.2 billion kilowatt hours a year. Local circumstances influenced the vote: Austrians were told that Zwentendorf lay in an earthquake zone; the turn-out was low, which favored the antis. The vote also reflected some peculiarities of Central European politics. The conservative People's Party in Austria, which opposed the measure, represents (among others) the farmers. So, for that matter, does the conservative Center Party in Sweden (formerly the Agrarians), which fell from power three weeks ago for opposing the continued development of Swedish nuclear power. In America, the beautiful people only talk about going back to the land; in Europe, many real people still live there—and they are perhaps more excusably unperturbed by the fact that Austria imports 60 per cent of its oil. American base-stealers may consider themselves forewarned.

■ The big news from China—or rather *in* China—is that Mao Tse-tung was "only a man." The official press is engaged in a clear effort to demythologize the late great Chairman, who until recently has been credited by the Chinese media with powers (including reviving the dead and curing blindness and deafness) only slightly exceeding the powers ascribed to him by the New York and Washington media. The new line is particularly scornful of what it calls "chapter and verse-ism." The Gang of Four can cite Mao for its counter-revolutionary purpose.

■ FLASH BEAST LONDON: UGANDA RADIO REPORTS IDI AMIN (QUOTE) CONQUEROR OF BRITISH EMPIRE, FIELD MARSHAL UGANDAN ARMED FORCES (CLOSE QUOTE) CAPTURES 710 SQUARE MILES TANZANIAN SOIL IN (QUOTE) SUPERSONIC SPEED OF 25 MINUTES ONLY—RECORD IN WORLD HISTORY (CLOSE QUOTE). RADIO DAR ES SALAAM REPORTS PRESIDENT JULIUS NYERERE VOWS TO DELIVER (QUOTE) DEVASTATING BLOW (CLOSE QUOTE) TO UGANDAN INVADERS UNTIL (QUOTE) THE SNAKE IS OUT OF OUR HOUSE (CLOSE QUOTE). TANZANIA REPORTS SHOOTING DOWN THREE OF ITS OWN MIG FIGHTERS. TANZANIAN AIR FORCE GROUNDED (QUOTE) UNTIL SYSTEM CAN BE DEVISED TO DISTINGUISH UGANDAN MIGS FROM TANZANIAN MIGS (CLOSE QUOTE). FIELD MARSHAL IDI AMIN REPORTS BIRTH OF 34TH CHILD (QUOTE) KAGERA RIVER (CLOSE QUOTE) IN HONOR OF TERRITORY RECENTLY ACQUIRED. /SS/ BOOT NAIROBI

■ Connecticut's consumer counsel has asked the phone company to do something about the injustice of alphabetical listings in the yellow pages—a system that gives irrational advantage to the A's of this world. He proposes that the listings be scrambled, or reversed, every other year. Oh yes—the man's name is Zitser. We rather suspect things would be different if his mother had married an aardvark.

■ Barbara Weber was denied tenure at the Atlanta College of Art in 1976 while a colleague of hers, a self-confessed male, was granted tenure. The lady contends that her being a licensed astrologer and an aficionada of the mystic arts counted against her even though That Man wasn't blackballed for being a warlock, a member of the Wicca, and a notorious reader of Tarot cards in the student union. So the lady has filed suit under the Civil Rights Act of 1964. On grounds of hex discrimination?

■ THE WILLS WATCH. The Bad Garry strikes again. Kenneth Lynn, writing in *Commentary*, attacked the thesis and scholarship of *Inventing America* and laid its critical success to intellectuals' "terrible need for radical myths." (*Ahem.*) To which Professor Wills replied that Professor Lynn was a "commie-hunter," a liar, a "conspiratorialist," and a . . . well, maybe a bit of a racist. Lynn's "whole article is instructive—we need to remember that some people are still horrified at Jefferson's belief in brotherhood and equality for blacks." Terrible, isn't it, the way these commie-hunters drop insinuations about people's motives?

■ Glad Tidings: *The American Spectator*, that thunderation of diatribe and laughter issuing from Indiana, has announced that it will now be published 12 times a year instead of the old routine of ten monthly issues plus a lazy summer. Now we need never wait more than 31 days to get such gems as editor Bob Tyrrell's vision of James Carter delivering the nonsense speech in Poland that was turned into a bad Polish joke by a State Department dysfunctionary: "Distractedly he would look up from his prepared text and discover his audience convulsed with laughter, yet on he would trudge, amusing them all the more and assuring his place as the most thundering hind ever to bloviate in the land of the kielbasa." Bloviators come and go. Wit and good prose endure forever.

■ New Jersey Assemblywoman Rosemarie Totaro has introduced legislation that "Anyone performing the act of intercourse must advise their [sic] partner of all the consequences of the act." Kinsey, Masters, Johnson, and afternoon television combined could not begin to tell you all the consequences of sexual intercourse. However, we know something about the consequences of legislation. If Mrs. Totaro's measure passes, New Jersey is about to suffer a sharp decline in population.

■ President Idi Amin advises Ugandan motorists, "You are in . . . the Pearl of Africa, a beautiful country. Therefore, why do you hurry?" And in case that doesn't work, he has ordered the immediate arrest and punishment of anyone caught speeding.

■ Washington, D.C. employs more than twice as many psychiatrists per capita as its nearest rival (New York),

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and 25 times as many psychiatrists as one finds in South Dakota, Wyoming, or Alabama. There you have it: proof.

■ . . . and bless Mommy . . . and bless Daddy . . . and most of all, bless Congress for adjourning.

Elections '78

I. Winners and Losers

The Republican Party came out of it still very much the minority party, but as Tom Brokaw kept on commenting on the *Today* show, if there is any trend to be discerned from November 7, 1978 it is a drift, a tilt to the Right. The GOP came out of the race with a gain of three Senate seats (the pundits thought they would break even, at most win one seat), six new statehouses, and 12 additional seats in the House.

The big excitement came in the Senate. Some disappointments for the Republicans: the loss of Robert Griffin, a solid middle-of-the-roader who had done yeoman duty as Minority Leader in the Nixon days; the much more bearable losses of liberal Edward Brooke in Massachusetts to still more liberal Paul Tsongas (Tsongas has an ADA rating of 100 per cent; Brooke's is 80 per cent), and of Clifford Case's seat in New Jersey to Bill Bradley, an old line New Deal Democrat but probably somewhat to the right of Case. Jeff Bell fought a fine, honest, hard-hitting campaign against Bradley; he'll be heard from again. Brooke took his bitter defeat like a gentleman, made the most gracious concession of the evening; the worst, by far, was Alex Seith's bitter comments when it became apparent that Charles Percy had pulled one out of the hat at the last moment. But to compensate for the three big senatorial losses (Brooke, Case, Griffin), the GOP could point with pride to a number of wins. To Roger Jepsen's stunning upset victory over Mr. Liberal Democrat himself, Dick Clark, in Iowa (never mind that, as the TV commentators kept on saying, no Democrat in Iowa has ever been re-elected; until the morning of November 7, everyone thought Jepsen had had it); to Gordon Humphrey's equally unexpected win over incumbent Democrat Thomas McIntyre in New

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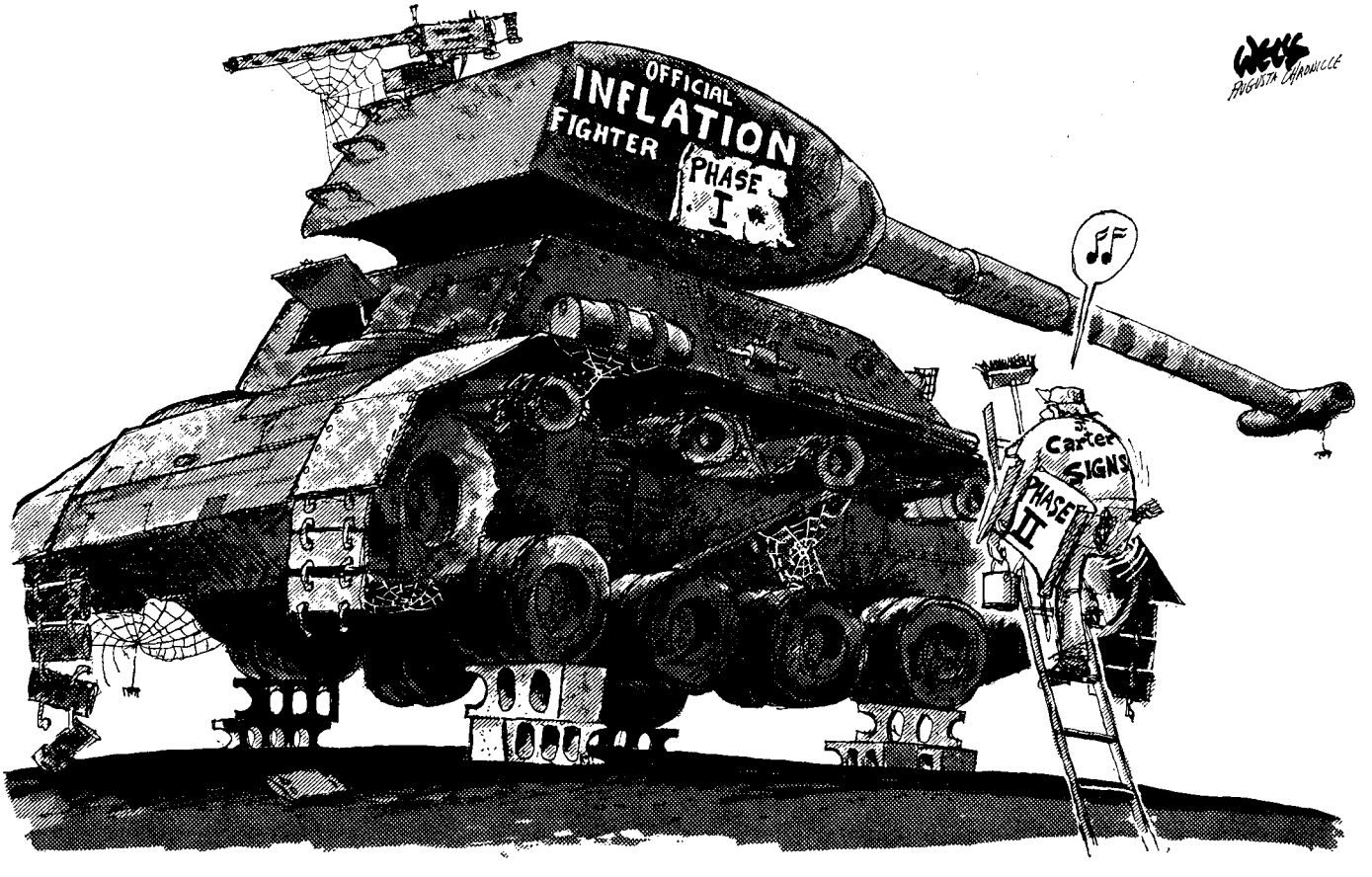
Hampshire. Conservative Representative William Armstrong had been given the edge over Senator Floyd Haskell in Colorado, and his victory came early election night. Down in Mississippi Thad Cochran became the first Republican to win a Senate seat since Reconstruction days, courtesy Mayor Charles Evers of Fayette who ran as an independent and split the Democratic vote; and four old faithfuls in the conservative ranks, Senators Strom Thurmond, Jesse Helms, James McClure, and Pete Domenici, also won handily. Then, the real blockbuster: in Hubert Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy, and Fritz Mondale's Minnesota, the last vestiges of the old New Deal were laid to rest as the Republicans swept all three statewide races. In the Senate contests, David Durenberger beat Robert Short and Rudy Boschwitz beat incumbent Senator Wendell Anderson. Quite a turnaround, with the people of Minnesota blasting the Democrats and their Farm-Labor allies out of office, while in neighboring Kansas, the people sent Alf Landon's daughter, Nancy Kassebaum, a middle-of-the-roader, to Washington.

Take a look at it this way. When the 96th Congress reconvenes, the Democrats in the Senate will have a few new faces: Tsongas, Bradley, Carl Levin (Griffin's seat), David Boren (Oklahoma) who campaigned on Kemp-Roth. The Republicans, on the other hand, will have a galaxy of new faces: Armstrong, Boschwitz, Cohen, Cochran, Durenberger, Humphrey, Jepsen, Kassebaum. Finally, a point Gerald Ford made, an increase of even three Republican senators will change the ratio of Democrats to Republicans on the various Senate committees, where most laws are written.

The gubernatorial races were less startling, with one exception, the defeat of staunchly conservative Governor Meldrim Thomson in New Hampshire on the same day in which a comparatively unknown younger Republican beat out an incumbent Democratic senator. Thomson had two things working against him. He took an unpopular stand on a surcharge to finance the Seabrook nuclear plant, and a good 5 per cent of the vote he would normally have gotten (the margin he needed) was siphoned off by the independent candidacy of former Governor Wesley Powell. Jerry Brown made it big—so big everyone's talking 1980. He topped Evelle Younger by better than one million votes—and that's a landslide. Hugh Carey in New York had no trouble, ditto Ella Grasso in Connecticut.

In Massachusetts, the more conservative of the two candidates, Democrat Edward J. King, beat Republican Francis Hatch; a Democrat succeeds a Democrat. In South Carolina, the Republicans lost one—but that was expected, and in Maine James Longley, an independent who was not running again, will be replaced by a Democrat, Joseph Brennan. But the Republicans hung on to some important Midwestern statehouses—Illinois (Jim Thompson coasted to a comfortable victory) and Michigan (William Milliken's margin was larger than expected) —and took a couple from the Democrats: in Wisconsin



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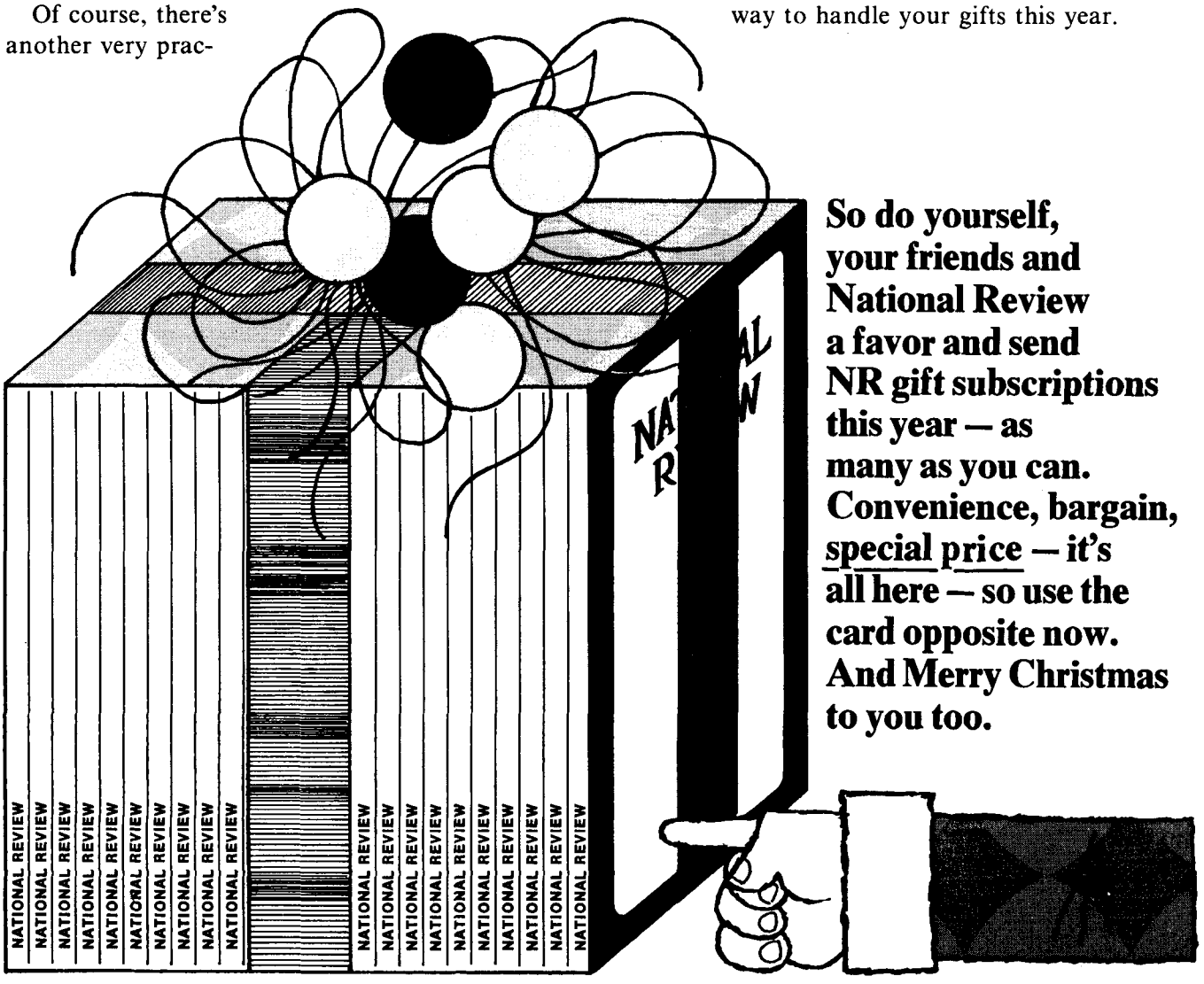

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The short drive out along the George Washington Parkway was a spectacular tour of autumnal foliage. At the neatly marked exit, we swung off down a side road and through the guard house. We parked next to a space marked Security Patrol Vehicles Only. It was occupied by an early-model Valiant.

Our first appointment was with the Admiral. He was also our first surprise. The Admiral was dressed Johnny Carson-sharp in a light checked suit and big-knotted tie. He has a salesman's winning manner, earnest, reassuring, razor-cut. He talked enthusiastically about the new programs adopted during his 18 months at the helm, closing with an apology for the "covert political activities" lingering still.

The Admiral then invited us to look around, talk to his people, judge for ourselves the "new openness" of the place. For the next two hours we did so, albeit under the professionally blank gaze of a dozen of his people.

The place is movie-lot impressive, with wide corridors, soaring ceilings, splashy modernistic artwork, tunnels, electronic sweepers, and office door-locks so massive they would dispirit the Mad Bomber. And his people . . . they come in all sizes, colors, and sexes but in no more than one (1) official personality. It's sort of a cross between the Disney World regular ("Hi! I'm Debbie," "Hi! I'm Tim") and the HEW drone—well-turned-out and prodigiously informed, but not really ready for anything spontaneous. But one doesn't feel like arguing with the Admiral's assessment: they're good people.

From the Admiral, from his people, from the publications, and even from the cafeteria-wall clippings, one extrapolates at least one new reality of the cold war. These people are as obsessed with the media as is the rest of Washington. When the Admiral visits the Sunday talk-shows, a transcript is prepared and distributed to all interested parties (that means YOU). When a columnist ventures an opinion on operations real or imagined, or, more to the point, on budget cuts real or imagined, the Xerox equipment hums. When a regional magazine says that recruiting techniques are out of line, the staple gun chatters. One half expects a non-seasonal blip in the circulation of *NR* this week.

And then there is the special style of the place, the institutional fingerprints that can't be sanded off. In the national interest, of course, we decide to contribute a fugitive notion to the Suggestion Box. Plucking the pertinent form from the shelf, we find ourselves in the iron grip of bureaucracy. First, we must label our suggestion as Secret, Confidential, Internal Use Only, or Unclassified. Rest assured, readers, we weren't born yesterday. Ours is a Secret suggestion. Next, we must execute a general release, conceding that our suggestion does "not form the basis of a further claim of any nature upon the United States." On a patriotic impulse, we concede. Then, to assure proper handling of our suggestion, we must fill out a form requesting the date, our signature, our Social Security number, our telephone number, our "position title," our grade, our career service, our office, our division, our branch, our room number, our building, and our application for a Suggestion Number.

With the helpful reminder that a suggestion is a "constructive idea, invention, problem solution, or achievement leading to the improvement of methods, equipment, procedures, or operations," we are invited to submit our suggestion in triplicate, TYPEWRITER only. On the back of the form, in a type format otherwise reserved for insurance policies, the various ways in which one can be denied an award are enumerated. With Edward Bennett Williams representing you before the Suggestion Awards Committee, you might have a shot.

Those fingerprints, it seems, are everywhere. One of the most elaborate devices, neat wallracks flecked with dozens of multi-colored cards and painfully contrived schedules, proves to be Agency Car Pool Control Center. The message for All Employees turns out to be a cut-rate weekend at Busch Gardens. The double-bolted steel door denies one entry to the Credit Union. Even the portraits of the Directors are a succession of sincere grey suits. We have seen more colorful groups of IBM executives. For a bit of swash and buckle one's eye runs all the way back to the beginning, to a uniformed Wild Bill Donovan, thumbs tucked in his armpits, a can-do look, sporting the "position title" Coordinator of Information. As we leave the building we experience the first chill of danger: we may be caught between the exit and the parking lot at quitting time.

Standing in the parking lot, we turn to a colleague, Butch to Sundance, and say, "Who *were* those guys?" It is difficult to resist the conclusion that these are the guys who brought us the swine flu program; the guys who brought us the 15 cent stamp, five cents for delivery, ten for storage; the guys who, even with the plenary powers of the state behind them, couldn't make the trains run on time.

Or maybe we got the old Agency runaround. Maybe they were lulling us into a false sense of insecurity. —CATO

(Lee Dreyfus) and in South Dakota (William Janklow).

And a scattering of reports on House races: Jack Kemp squeaked in to a win over a Liberal Party opponent, beating him by 95 per cent; Phil Crane did much less well. He only got 81 per cent; his brother Daniel (Ill.) won his congressional race, but the third Crane, David, lost in Indiana. Former Republican Senator Ed Gurney failed in his comeback try for a House seat in Florida, thus becoming probably the last victim of Watergate. In New York, Representative William (I got Abzug) Green staved off a challenge from Carter Burden. Of congressmen under indictment, convicted of various charges, or charged by a House subcommittee with improprieties in the Koreagate investigation, several won re-election, notably, Daniel Flood (D., Pa.), Charles Diggs (D., Mich.; convicted on 29 counts; wins by 81 per cent), and Edward Roybal (D., Calif.). Several lost, notably, Joshua Eilberg (D., Pa.) and John McFall (D., Calif.). In New Jersey, Charles Wiley came within two percentage points of beating Edward Patten, who had initially been named in the Koreagate investigation.

When the smoke had cleared away there were still 16 blacks in the House—the same as in the 95th Congress —but there were only 16 women, a drop of two, Democrats Helen Meyner in New Jersey and Martha Keys in Kansas. Win one, lose one. Kansas lost a woman in the

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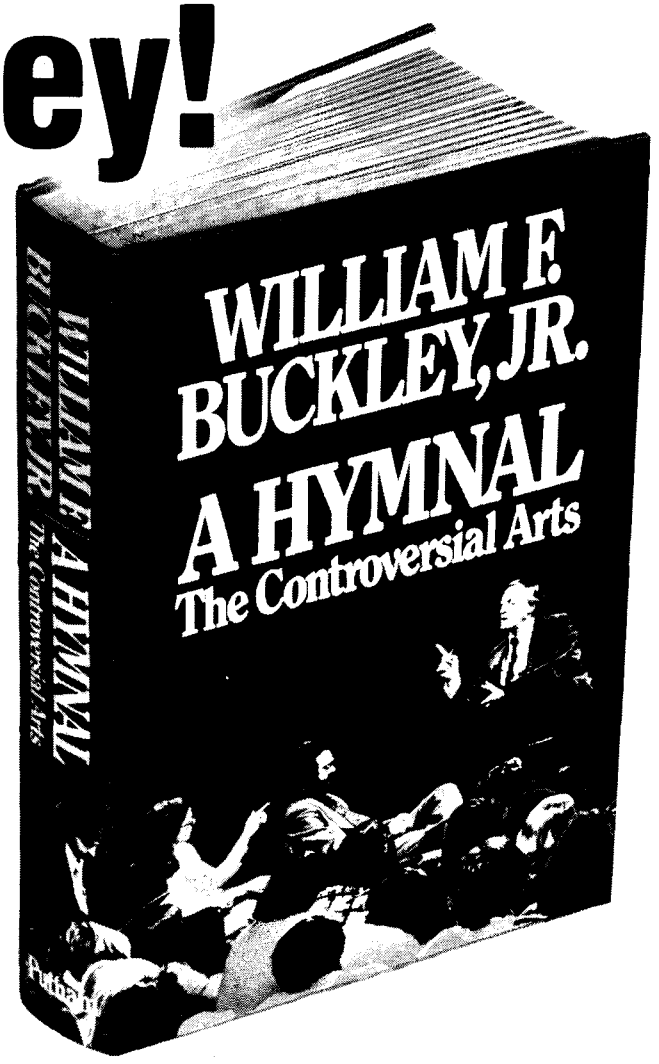

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House, placed one in the Senate. And finally, our right-to-life watchers report that not a single anti-abortion congressman targeted for retirement by NOW and the other women's groups was beaten.

II. Postscript

All in all, November 7, 1978 represented a tentative Republican comeback, an overlapping but not entirely congruent conservative trend, and a gain for normalization after the seismic Watergate distortion.

And through the smoke of battle, the hurrying hither and yon, and "local factors," it is possible to discern four symbolic figures, the bright faces of a changing Republicanism. Jack Kemp and Phil Crane go back to the House with landslide margins. Gordon Humphrey, an anonymity last spring, goes to the Senate from New Hampshire. Jeff Bell, even in his New Jersey defeat a rising star, goes on to great things in the future.

There would be others worth mentioning, and watching, but let these four be representative. None of them comes before us redolent of the Chamber of Commerce, Burning Tree, or mega-business. All had appeal to Middle America but also to the blue-collar and ethnic voter. All stressed tax cuts, the giant symbol of less government and more private choice.

They were not meek. They shall inherit.

On the Democratic side, we see the emergence, with increasing definition, of two parties only nominally within the same organism: a Mondale-Kennedy-McGovern party, fundamentalist liberal, and an increasingly potent Moynihan-Nunn-Jackson party. On November 7, the latter showed itself better able to move with the grain of history, adding to its foreign policy themes the tax-cutting rhetoric of 1978. The tension between these two Democratic parties appears unlikely to be "creative."

Hovering overhead, captive-balloon-like, lacking in specific gravity, we have the impalpable specter of the President, *unreal* . . .

Overloading The Mideast Grid

Political currents tend to converge at certain places and times. Once, the synapse of the prominent political currents was Central Europe; then Eastern Asia and, more recently, southern Africa, although the latter is at some distance from the power sources of the world. But one can only stand in awe before the massive voltage coursing today across the Middle East grid—strategically the most overloaded carrier of political currents in the world, receiving and re-transmitting transformed charges between all quarters of the world, old and new.

The eruption in Iran could provide the critical overload which might result in a breakdown and massive realignment of forces. By itself, the Iranian upheaval would have the gravest implications, but it must be added to other forces agitating the area. To the west, the current of negotiations between Egypt and Israel has induced an opposite current from Baghdad in the form of an Arab League split over Egypt. This feeds Sadat's need for positive linkage of his treaty to West Bank autonomy, in order to counter the Palestinian current being fed from Damascus and Moscow. Poor little Lebanon, the victim of failed communalism and Palestinian terrorism, trembles under a shaky truce in the eye of a storm. To the east of Iran, Afghanistan, heavily encadred by Soviet military experts, has significantly abandoned its ancient red, black, and green flag for a pure red one. At the same time cross-currents run from the USSR southward to Marxist North Yemen and Soviet/Cuban-backed Ethiopia facing each other across the Red Sea.

Tragic as it is, the Iranian upheaval has not so far seemed to owe much to Communist instigation. But even though the original problems are internal social, religious, and political ones, history teaches that when there is trouble in Iran the Russians won't be far behind. The Shah has appointed a military government to restore order and has reaffirmed his promise of elections. Reportedly, he would be willing to surrender political power, though continuing to reign. But Ayatollah Khomeini in Paris will settle for no less than the Shah's overthrow. It would be foolhardy to predict even 48 hours ahead, let alone six months. Clearly, though, this crisis is a fulcrum for the future of the Middle East and the West in the Middle East. In the combined voltages of these currents we face a potential strategic and historic impact comparable to the Soviet subjection of Czechoslovakia and Hungary in the late 1940s, the defense of South Korea in 1950, or even the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939 under which Poland was partitioned.

Lest there be any doubt as to this assessment of the stakes, let it be recalled that on November 13, 1940 a protocol was attached to the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939, in which Foreign Minister Molotov stipulated that: "The Soviet Union declares that its territorial aspirations center south of the national territory of the Soviet Union in the direction of the Indian Ocean." Two weeks later Molotov modified this slightly, substituting the "Persian Gulf" for the "Indian Ocean." Take your choice.

Unreconstructed

Brooke lost, I see, and some will say
It's sad to see him fade away.
We needed him, they'll say, to show
The party's not a stuffed tableau
Of dowager and ancient bore
Who cackle, still, at Eleanor.
So, mourn his passing if you must,
But I'll be going on a bust.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Dollar

Mr. Carter and his staff have announced all manner of steps "to save the dollar," and one may with perfect impunity predict that the result will be neutral at best. The Fed has raised the interest rate it charges when it lends to member banks. This dips our toe into the currents of the international "rate war," and if other countries want to play that game too we'll all go down to depression together. But, long before then, American business and the Washington lobbies will have screamed bloody murder, and Mr. Carter will permit the Federal Reserve Board to relent. If you're interested in economic forecasting, go ahead and plan on interest rates rising a bit more—until January, say—and then coming down again.

That would mean, also, that the stock market would be in a speculative buying zone toward year-end.

Again, the Carter regime has instructed the Treasury to double the amount of gold sold at its monthly auction—to 1.5 million ounces. The gold price was hardly jiggled by the last increase in the gold sales, and there's little reason to expect that the additional market value, about $250 million per month for sale, will have much effect on world gold prices. If you've been waiting to buy gold, go ahead and get some now and put it in a cool dry place. It'll keep.

Also, the troubles in Iran will have their effect. Iran's purchases of gold are on the increase. And Iran's shipments of oil are down. Ten per cent of the West's supply comes from Iranian oilfields; 15 per cent of America's; it takes three months for the tankers to deliver over here; three months from now our Iranian supplies will start to dwindle; and the price of oil, and the pressure on the dollar, will increase.

The Administration has arranged to borrow $30 billion in foreign currencies, but this only means we owe our creditors that much more.

Mr. Carter has at least implied that there's a connection between domestic inflation and the decline of the dollar in foreign currency markets. But his ideas on fighting inflation are downright primitive. Wage and price controls don't work. Posing the Cabinet with red plastic baseball bats won't work either. Signing a tax bill that actually raises the tax on capital gains in some cases, and calling it a tax cut when we'll actually be paying almost $20 billion more—all this seems like piling new burdens on a cripple.

All in all, a slapdash and mediocre performance by the Washington gang, bringing closer the day when the kidding has to stop.

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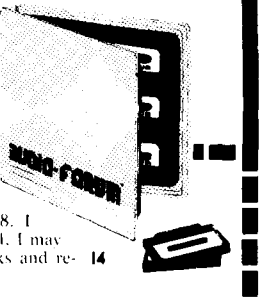

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SALT Stalled

Though the Carter Administration earlier believed that a SALT agreement could be signed this year, perhaps at a Carter-Brezhnev summit, the negotiations have now bogged down over two categories of issues, one political and one technological.

The Soviets have been demanding an assortment of further concessions from the U.S.: on the kinds and numbers of cruise missiles to be deployed, on the production and improvement of their Backfire bomber, on numbers and kinds of warheads, and so forth. Quite apart from the fine points involved in each of these issues, Administration officials judge—probably correctly—that such U.S. concessions would reduce the chances of Senate ratification to very near the vanishing point.

Serious and perhaps insoluble technological issues have also arisen: serious in themselves, and quite possibly insoluble in the context of Soviet intentions. In recent tests of their large SS-18 ICBM, the Soviets encoded the signals sent by the missile's guidance system to ground stations. The signals were thus unintelligible to U.S. monitors. The problem of verification therefore moves dramatically into the foreground. On an entire range of issues, however, from Backfire bomber production and modification to numbers and kinds of warheads, verification is both vital and increasingly doubtful.

On the bottom line, it should be remembered that no agreement with the Soviets exists in a vacuum apart from political will and intention. Soviet leadership has repeatedly asserted that "detente" implies no abatement of the "international class struggle," i.e., the Communist struggle against the West. In the context of that struggle, is it plausible to assume that the Soviets would forgo any opportunity to seize an advantage, any opportunity to deceive or conceal, under SALT or any other agreement? To ask the question is to answer it. Remember Helsinki.

UN Nihilism?

UN Secretary General Kurt Waldheim has accepted an official invitation to visit Cambodia—for the purpose of determining whether Cambodian charges of Vietnamese aggression are justified. It is rumored that he has agreed to go without having had any assurances that he will be allowed to investigate charges of massive Cambodian human rights violations.

The irony could scarcely be grosser. The head of an organization devoted to "fundamental human rights" is willing to intercede in a jurisdictional dispute between two totalitarian regimes without reference to the fact that the plaintiff has already exterminated far more of its own people than could conceivably fall before the putative aggressor. Jean-François Revel has aptly likened the power of the modern state to that of the ancient *paterfamilias*, who could legally kill any member of his family. But, he notes, "while the father's power of life and death over his children disappeared centuries ago, the principle of non-interference in internal affairs, more honored than ever, amounts in practice to recognizing the state's power of life and death over its inhabitants." Unless Waldheim insists on facing the central issue, his "peace" mission will amount to a legalistic vindication of a regime's right to commit mass murder within its own borders. And the final proof that the UN is a global monument to nihilism.

Jimmy's Scenario

The Feds keep printing money;
  The deficit stays sick.
Kahn keeps the unions punchy
  With carrots and a stick—
Until, in 1980,
  Controls appear on scene,
Which "save" us from inflation
  As actors saved Pauline.
This leads to acclamation
  Upon Election Day,
But I've a sneaky feeling
  The script won't play that way.

W. H. VON DREELE

Diary of a Sane Man

George Will offers a few early impressions of Daniel Moynihan's new book, which we pass along, pending further comment. *A Dangerous Place* chronicles Moynihan's exhilarating eight months at the United Nations. Perhaps eight months in the world's largest madhouse is too long, even for so tough-minded a man as the Senator; Moynihan, says Will, takes the UN too seriously. There are more important things to lose sleep over than debates about the threat to peace posed by the American military presence in the Virgin Islands (14 Coast Guardsmen, one shotgun, and one pistol, notes Will).

The State Department, however, instead of sleeping, seemed to stay awake nights thinking of ways to encourage such insults; and here, Moynihan's anger is right on target. Our foreign policy establishment, he charges, is composed of "decent people, utterly unprepared for their work . . . The common denominator, apart from an incapacity to deal with ideas, was a fear of making a scene, a form of good manners that is a kind of substitute for ideas." If they had any ideas at all, they were usually variations on the belief that "the behavior of other na-

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tions, especially the developing nations, was fundamentally a reaction to the far worse behavior of the United States." When Moynihan asked the United Nations Association, a citizen's group, to protest the infamous Zionism resolution, they began their draft with a condemnation of racism in America. Andrew Young, are you there?

Olympic Crisis Deepens

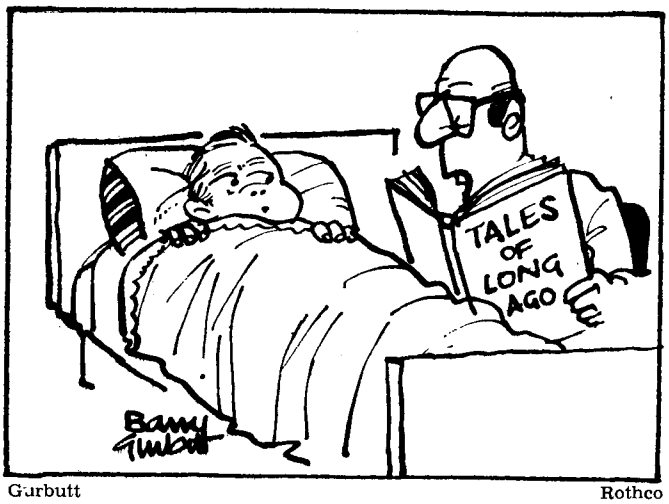
It has always been clear that Moscow plans the 1980 Olympic Games as a monster propaganda spectacle. It is equally clear that, in order to maximize impact around the globe, Moscow desires to circumscribe all external media coverage, if possible to control the teams eligible to participate, and, now, to stage-manage the live audience present in Moscow.

The Soviets have taken this last project vigorously in hand. Moscow plans to establish national quotas for spectators permitted to enter Russia for the Olympic Games. So far as can be determined, this will be an Olympic first.

According to an article by David K. Wills, published in the October 18, 1978 *Christian Science Monitor*, a total of 300,000 tourists will be admitted. Of these, be it noted, only 100,000 will come from the West. Some 200,000 will come from the Communist nations and from the Third World.

That is only the beginning. The U.S. will have a quota of 10,000, with 50,000 permitted from all of Western Europe.

The Soviets explain that facilities at Moscow and the other Russian Olympic cities cannot handle greater numbers. In that there is certainly some truth. But a shortage of first-class facilities is not the real reason for the Soviet quotas.



Garbutt Rothco

"Once upon a time, when the British car worker did a full week's work, there lived . . ."

One large reason is surely visual. The stage managers of the Moscow games want the non-Communist world to come on the global screen as a beleaguered minority. Just for starters, the West will be outnumbered 2 to 1 by tourists from the Communist countries and from the Third World. That two-thirds majority will be thoroughly stage-managed. The remaining one-third is subject to some management, some selection, too. The visual messages will come through the electronic media: the tiny audience of Americans and West Europeans will be a drop in the Third World–Communist sea.

Returning to the real world, the U.S. is the *other* "super-power." On the screen the super-power will be the Soviet Union. The stage managers have arranged for the U.S. to resemble, visually—well, Belgium.

Another reason for the quotas on tourists: The Soviet surveillance apparatus will be strained to the limit by 300,000 visitors. The decision was obviously made in Moscow to have as many of those visitors as tame as possible: Third World and Communist. The presence of those accustomed to freedom will be severely limited.

It is difficult to believe that we are really going to submit to this kind of thing. But apparently we are.

Etienne Gilson, R I P

The first time I saw Etienne Gilson he was a guest lecturer at the University of Brussels—where courses were generally permeated by a solid anti-clerical ideology. Gilson on Thomism in the Great Aula was out of place; nevertheless, he appeared like a solid rock, unshakable, among people who judged him only as an erudite scholar and scoffed at his religion.

Yet he was more than a great scholar: a Thomist of the heroic age of neo-Thomist restoration; a brilliant, thoroughly charming, even humorous, writer of the type that hardly occurs these days among our grim philosophers; a lover of art, which for him continues the work of divine creation. Art and philosophy fused in his later works, in *Dante and Beatrice* and *Héloïse and Abélard*, but modern art was not neglected either. The task of non-figurative painting, Gilson wrote, is to invite "our senses to perceive the intelligible directly."

Queen Philosophy owes him many debts: at a time when the academy skipped a millennium and a half, from Plotinus to Descartes, as "dark," he put the Middle Ages on the intellectual map by founding the Institute of Medieval Studies in Toronto, and by writing the seminal *Spirit of Medieval Philosophy* and works on Augustine, Bonaventure, Thomas. And just as the study of art was not for him a mere excursion, but part of the work of understanding the *whole reality*, so were his writings on politics, *The Pagan State* and *The Metamorphoses of the City of God*. For a brief period he was an MRP (Christian Democratic) senator, a venial sin, after all.

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It is often said that Gilson was not an original philosopher, rather a historian of the discipline. Maritain's stature casts on him a certain shadow. But Maritain himself wrote of modern thinkers (from Descartes to Ricoeur) that they should not be read as philosophers, for they do not address reality, but rather as intriguing authors with felicitous insights and observations. Now if the philosopher's task is to be a servant of reality, Gilson's place is in the front line. He did not attribute his philosophical realism to his own efforts, he saw it as the common good of coherent Christian thinking.

The appropriate way to commemorate his passing would be the publication of his collected works, in both English and French, the two languages in which he wrote. —THOMAS MOLNAR

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

One small error in an otherwise epistemological delight, "The Week." You credit the UN with "one giant step for humanity." Nonsense: credit belongs to the cows that had the pox, to Edward Jenner for his courage in infecting the milkmaid with it, and, not least, to the milkmaid herself. Today, such a human experiment would be labeled malpractice, and the protocol subjected to strict government guidelines. WHO has helped *apply* Jenner's research. Fortunately, this project has been more helpful than the UN's peacekeeping.

Cordially yours,
Irvine H. Page, MD
Cleveland Clinic
Cleveland, Ohio

■ Dear Bill:

Having been a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW for many years, I am still amazed at two things: 1) your amazing ability to use precise language to communicate your exact meaning, and yet 2) your equally amazing lack of understanding of precise language, taught throughout the Bible, concerning salvation or eternal life.

For example on Page 1102 of NATIONAL REVIEW.

> No man ever tried harder than Pope Paul, nor ever *earned* more convincingly his safe passage from this vale of tears.

Can you explain your use of the word "earned" in the light of such Biblical passages as:

> . . . but the *gift* of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. *Romans 6: 23*
>
> For by Grace are you saved, through Faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the *gift* of God: not of works lest any man should boast. *Ephesians 2: 8-9*
>
> And I *give* unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. *John 10: 28*

Can you not see that your words as quoted above express a meaning which is completely unscriptural?

In view of your demonstrated ability always to use the word or words which will convey just the shade of meaning which you have in mind, I trust that you will take time to study from the Bible—how man can obtain a *safe passage* from this vale of tears.

Yours,
Edward D. Cross
West Bridgewater, Mass.

Dear Mr. Cross: Behold Matthew 16: 27: "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His Angels: and then He shall reward every man according to his works." But a note to all Pelagians: This is not an invitation to reopen The Controversy. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

For the record, it's "Gilby's" and not "Gilbey's," *Summa* (*NR*, June 9, 1978, p. 734). It's actually St. Thomas', translated, edited, and annotated by Thomas Gilby, OP. And a fine job, too. I sent in the original misspelling which *NR* printed. *Mea culpa.*

Now, all you folks with Gilby *Summas* to sell to starving graduate students check out that Box # again.

Sincerely,
James E. Reagan
Decatur, Ga.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The latest trends take a while to reach our outpost at the edge of civilization. You may be sure that I was delighted and amazed, upon visiting the men's room at Mario's Restaurant in Westwood Village during a recent vacation in Los Angeles, to discover a new social dynamic in your amazing country. There, scrawled across the prophylactic dispenser, was the following bit of graffiti: "MARGIE CRUMRIE IS A BUCKLEY BITCH."

Is this a new offshoot of Young Americans for Freedom? Do they surround you, groupie fashion, at every public moment? Even more important, where can I find one? All we have up here are Galbraith gargoyles or Steinem stoats.

Yours truly,
C. Dennis Owens
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Well now, Owens, if that's all you have in Canada, don't we have the explanation for the Canadian dollar selling at U.S. 83 cents? Cordially,

—WFB

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EQUATORIAL GUINEA

Tiny Horrors

PAUL GIGOT

On the grand list of twentieth century despotisms, Equatorial Guinea will not receive much notice. As many Americans know of it as know of its two neighbors on the western shore of Africa, Gabon and Cameroon. It is the kind of country lampooned by Jeff MacNelly in a United Nations parody: its ambassador will wear war paint and carry a blowgun.

Bishop Rafael Maria Nzé Abuy, one can tell, has looked hard and long for the humor of it all, but it has eluded him—beginning, perhaps, in 1969, the last year he set foot in Equatorial Guinea. Bishop Abuy, who was in the United States to publicize the fate of his people, looks dapper in his grey suit, neatly pressed, with contrasting white collar. His features are rounded, prosperous. His face, though, is slightly solemn, and his story is told (through interpreter Adolfo Obiang) in staccato Spanish, with the hardened fervor of the exile. Which he is.

The Bishop's story is familiar, almost banal in its modern recurrence. Equatorial Guinea was until 1968 the Spanish colony of Rio Muni, located just below the African bulge on the Atlantic Ocean. Its politics were modest, befitting its size (about the same as Maryland's). Ninety-five per cent of the people were Catholic, the legacy of Spanish missionaries. Only when the urge for independence beckoned were Guinea and Bishop Abuy introduced to the twentieth century—which was wearing a Marxist jackboot. Bonifacio Ondo, who was expected to lead a popular, moderate post-colonial government, was assassinated. His killers were never found. Into the gap moved Francisco Macías Nguema, a low-ranking but, like Boumédienne of Algeria, ruthless colonial administrator. As Bishop Abuy says, "We were too Castilian," too concerned with democratic procedure, to notice Macías' tightening grip on power. "Personalities, civilians, *médicos*, priests began to disappear." And Macías declared a "revolutionary" state.

Abuy himself escaped in 1968 after being summoned by the Vatican to consult a medical specialist about a long illness. A short time later Abuy appeared on the new government's *El Baile de los Malditos* ("the dance of the accursed"), a list of those condemned in exile. Bishop Abuy does not know the fate of his five brothers and sisters who remained in Equatorial Guinea. He does know what happened to two friends: Alberto Ndong, a priest, was frozen in a refrigerator truck; Saturnino Ibongo was bound by his hands and feet and set out to roast, like Saharan sand, under the equatorial sun.

But listen to the March 1978 Amnesty International newsletter:

> The testimony [of refugees] gives names and circumstances of 12 prisoners who died after torture in Bata Prison. Two allegedly died after having their eyes torn out by Guinean National Guards. Others died after beatings, and bizarre humiliations were inflicted during forced labor. For example, two men were forced to re-enact the crucifixion of Christ, participating in a savage "way of the Cross" . . . [President Macías] allegedly ordered a prisoner brought to Bata's airport to hunt rats. When the man failed to catch more than four, the rats and the prisoner were burned alive. In the second case, the President referred in a public speech to a statistician whose fingers had been cut off "because he could not count." . . . [There is] torture, such as the "injection" method, where they beat a prisoner on the ribs and testicles, while forcing him to swallow water. Women had thorns and other objects thrust up their vaginas, and then they were raped . . . [Another method is] hanging a man from his hands and feet by nylon cords from a pole parallel to the ground. After a while the weight of the prisoner's body would make the cords cut to the bone.

The destruction, so gruesome in detail, is numbing in its totality: out of a population of 350,000 in 1968, 50,000 are estimated to have been killed; another 145,000 to have fled into exile. Others, says the Bishop, work in the *brestación*, the network of concentration camps. The data are confirmed by the United Nations, the Vatican, and the U.S. State Department. Said one diplomat: "Only ostensibly fervent supporters of the regime seem to be left alive." Now Macías is concentrating on his personality cult. He ordered his portrait placed on all Church altars and his name included in recitations of the Sign of the Cross. When the Church refused, it was outlawed. Macías fears the organization of the Church, and the allegiance to another God.

Macías survives, says Bishop Abuy, because of the force of his own pathology and the presence of Cuban bodyguards. There have been a minimum of five hundred Cubans there since the early 1970s; the number rose to 1,500 at the height of the Angolan war. According to Catholics for Political Action, Soviet submarines are based at Fernando Po, an island that is part of Equatorial Guinea, and which lies within two hundred miles of Nigeria's offshore oil platforms—America's principal source of sulphur-free petroleum. "You know the Russian," says the Bishop, "he is boss."

Bishop Abuy also knows the black African, whose principle of non-interference has become a justification for moral indifference. "We have good relations with Equatorial Guinea," says Jean Ovono, a Gabonese spokesman, "and it is not up to us to comment on their internal affairs. But we try to control the activities of more than 65,000 Equatorial Guinea refugees who have fled to Gabon." Abuy, at least, perhaps because he is a victim of black-on-black terror, can face the South African question: Is the situation worse in Equatorial Guinea than in South Africa? "*Sí, sí, sí*," he says. "I don't say people in South Africa live good. They live bad. . . . But it is worse because of the terrorists and the system of atrocities—they kill people in Equatorial Guinea." In the age of Gulag, Auschwitz, and Khmer, we ignore the tinier horrors. □

Mr. Gigot is an associate editor of NR.

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ANTITRUST Witch Hunt

YALE BROZEN

The task of antitrust is to identify and prohibit those forms of behavior whose net effect is output-restricting and hence detrimental. —Robert Bork, *The Antitrust Paradox*

No field in the industrial organization literature has been as well plowed as the relationship between concentration and profitability. . . . Despite its bulk, the literature fails to inform us how to interpret its main findings. . . . If concentration and profitability are indeed related, what market process produces the relationship? The traditional answer has been that high concentration facilitates collusion . . . Unfortunately, this answer does not logically follow from the usual evidence, so its acceptance by economists and practitioners of antitrust policy is little more than an act of faith.

—Sam Peltzman, "The Gains and Losses from Industrial Concentration," *Journal of Law & Economics*

THERE IS A STRANGE NOTION brewing in the Antitrust Division of the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission (FTC)—a notion which it would be suicidal for our country to adopt. That notion is that we must penalize any firm (or small group of firms) that, by operating efficiently and making consumer goods more available, wins a large share of a market. Perhaps that notion emerges from the passion for equality of results that has come to pervade public policy; perhaps it is simply envy; or perhaps it is the final erosion, perversion, or transmutation of democracy from individual sovereignty into mobocracy.

Whatever the roots of the strange flowers now blooming in the fields of antitrust, the fact is that the antitrust agencies are attempting to remake antitrust law to penalize success in serving consumers. Next to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), and the Interstate Commerce Commission and Civil Aeronautics Board, the most anti-consumer agency in Washington is the FTC, with the Antitrust Division running a close second.

Once, we gave high regard to those who created great enterprises by designing desirable products, producing them at low cost, and offering them at such attractive prices that they won a large body of customers. Henry Ford, in his day, was looked upon as an industrial hero. Today, he would be regarded as a monopolizing fiend upon whom the antitrust prosecutors should be unleashed. The 1921 Ford Company, whose share of the market was more than 60 per cent, today would be called a "dominant firm" and charged with violating the antitrust laws.

Just a few months ago, an antitrust complaint was served upon Du Pont because it developed a low-cost method for producing titanium dioxide pigments. Du Pont made the fatal error of passing enough of the cost saving on to buyers to win 40 per cent of the market served by domestic producers. Not only did it do that, but it is enlarging its capacity, building a new plant at De Lisle, Mississippi to serve even more customers. Can you imagine that any enterprise would engage in such a nefarious activity? The FTC would prefer to have Du Pont act as a monopolist: it should restrict its output instead of expanding it, and charge higher prices (and let the business go to foreign firms).

That is a total perversion of the intent of our antitrust law. If the FTC is not standing antitrust law on its head, then I simply do not understand what that law says. The words "every contract, combination, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade is hereby declared to be illegal" say that it is *restraint of trade* that is in violation of the law. But the FTC contends that Du Pont is violating the law because it has "adopted and implemented a plan to expand its domestic production capacity." The FTC feels that Du Pont is breaking the law by *expanding* trade.

NO MATTER how I torture the phrases in the antitrust law, I simply cannot get them to say that expanding trade is illegal. Whenever anyone builds more capacity and uses it to produce more product, more trade must result. I can't believe that Du Pont is building a new titanium dioxide plant just because it wants a handsome monument at which to gaze—and neither does the FTC. What the FTC is complaining about is that Du Pont intends to produce titanium dioxide in its new plant and increase its sales—and it is nasty of Du Pont to have already built enough plant to take care of 40 per cent of the needs of customers for do-

Mr. Brozen is a professor of business economics at the Graduate School of Business of the University of Chicago and an adjunct scholar of the American Enterprise Institute.

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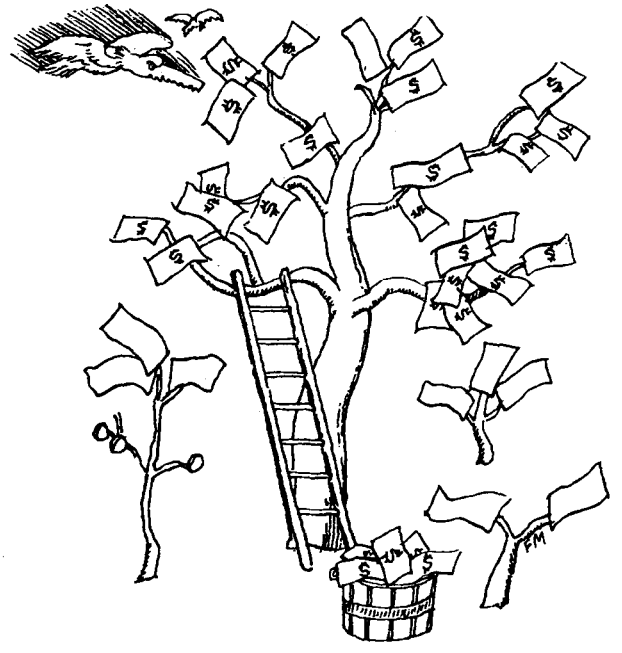
mestic product. That makes Du Pont "the nation's dominant producer." And there can hardly be anything more venal than a dominant producer, unless it is a shared monopoly.

"Shared monopoly" sounds like a conspiracy among several firms to monopolize a market and share the fruits of that monopoly. But that is not what the FTC means by the label. The phrase is FTC code for a few firms' winning and holding a large share of the business in some product line. The FTC staff is currently prosecuting Kellogg, General Foods, and General Mills for "sharing a monopoly" of ready-to-eat (RTE) cereals. These three firms have managed to produce and distribute cereals that taste good enough and cost consumers little enough to win more than three-quarters of the RTE business.

DID THESE three firms conspire with each other to somehow force other firms out of the industry, and then conspire to reduce supplies and raise prices? Not even the FTC thinks that. It says that the crime of which these firms are guilty is "brand proliferation." That is, it is accusing them of trying to give consumers what they want. The FTC is trying to make it a crime to follow that old maxim for merchandising success, "Give the lady what she wants."

The cereal companies should have stuck to producing corn flakes. Never mind the demand for a bran cereal, or a high-protein cereal, or a vitamin-enriched cereal, or a pre-sweetened cereal. Anyway, says the FTC in its complaint, there are no differences among RTE cereals—except those artificially created in the minds of consumers by hypnotizing them with advertising. Of course, if the new brands offered by the three firms in the 1950s and 1960s had not won a large share of the market, nothing would have been wrong with "brand proliferation." But the new brands pleased consumers. They won for the three firms a large share of the market. The RTE cereal industry is "concentrated," that is, most of the sales in the industry are made by a few firms. That is a condition which neither the FTC nor the Antitrust Division intends to tolerate.



The FTC staff also has accused the eight major petroleum refiners of engaging in a shared monopoly in the petroleum refining industry. It is asking that these corporations be broken up into smaller companies. The major crime of which the Big Eight stand accused is that of maintaining a "non-competitive market structure." This phrase is never cogently defined by the FTC, but "concentration" seems to be the nub of it. Complaint counsel says the eight companies "are all vertically integrated firms with *substantial horizontal concentration* at every level of the industry" (emphasis supplied). Counsel also says the eight "own and operate refineries accounting for approximately 65 per cent of rated crude oil refining capacity in the relevant market." Even more damning, "this figure . . . understates concentration . . . because [the eight firms] . . . utilize more of their refining capacity than other refiners. Hence [their] share of *production* of refined petroleum products . . . is higher than their share of rated refinery capacity . . ."

Again, the accusation here is that the alleged monopolists are not behaving like monopolists. Instead of restricting output and restraining trade, they push their capacity harder than their competitors do and expand output and trade. Apparently they are unaware that they are monopolists who could get higher prices by restricting output. Again, the FTC is standing antitrust law on its head by saying that the *failure* to restrict trade violates the law. The FTC even accuses the companies of building pipelines to provide themselves with "cheap transportation." Again, as with titanium dioxide, it is apparently illegal to reduce costs and pass enough of these cost savings on to customers to win an appreciable share of the market. (In the petroleum case, we cannot say a "large" share of the market has been won, since no petroleum refining firm sells as much as 10 per cent of the petroleum products sold in the United States.)

That there is a dominant firm, or small group of firms, in an industry is evidence of competitive behavior—not of monopolization

I cite these three cases to show the current state of antitrust doctrine at the antitrust agencies. The question remains whether the courts will buy this upside-down interpretation, in view of the legislative history of antitrust law.

When federal antitrust policy began, with the signing of the Sherman Act in 1890, it was aimed at benefiting consumers. In the words of Senator Sherman, the Act was to outlaw arrangements "designed, or which tend, to advance the cost to the consumer." It was intended neither to fragment industry nor to prevent occupancy of a major share of a market by one firm or a few firms. When Senator George Hoar explained to the Senate the Judiciary Committee's final draft of the bill, he declared that a man who "got the whole business because nobody could do it

(Continues on page 1476)

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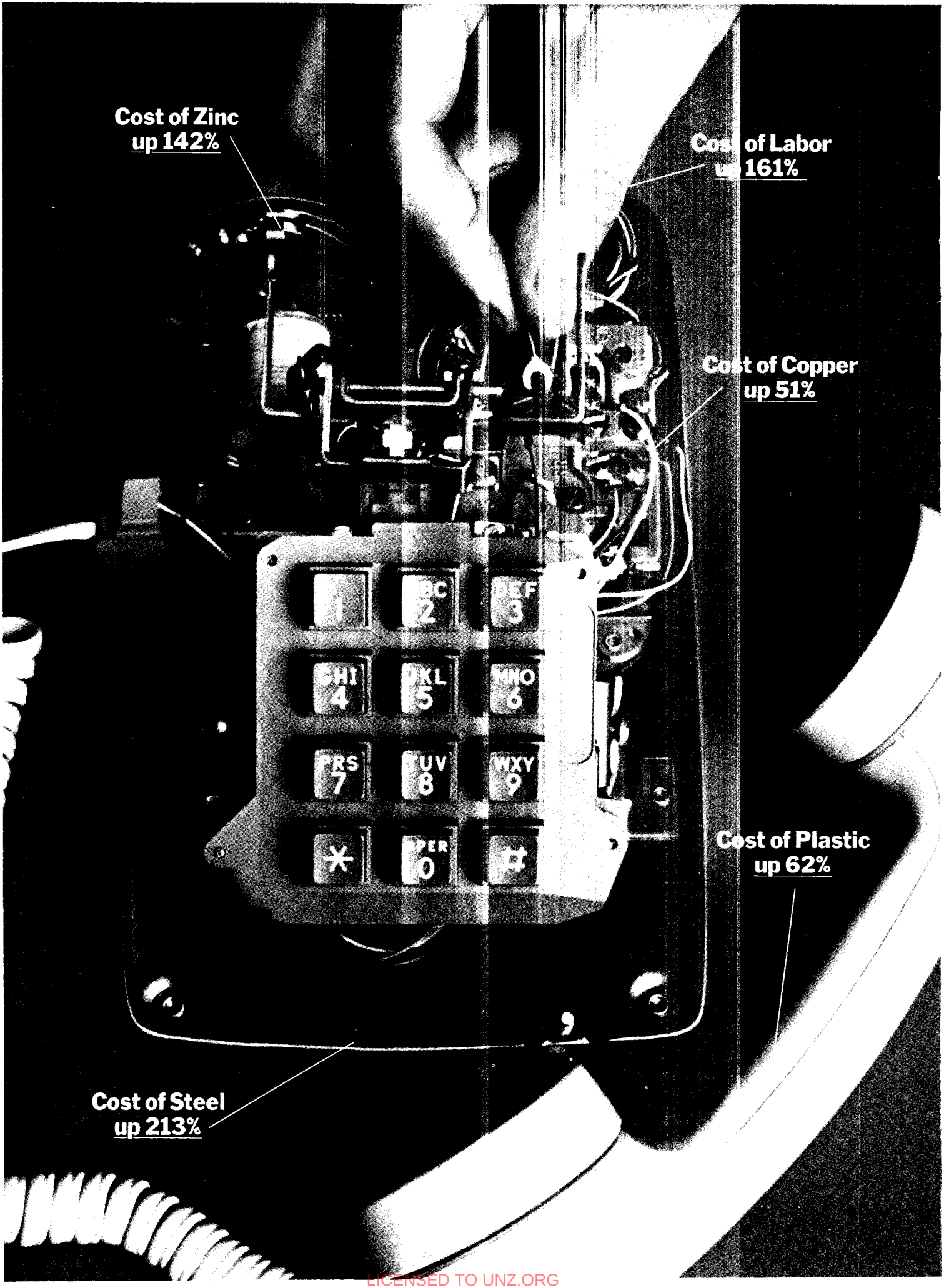

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How come when we put it all together, it's only up 18%?

In the last 10 years, the costs of labor and raw materials that go into this telephone have skyrocketed. And yet, the price of the finished product has risen only 18%.

Making it Better.

The explanation is really quite simple. During the same period of time, this telephone has been redesigned literally dozens of times. Western Electric engineers kept discovering ways to make it a little more efficiently. So while our materials and labor costs were going up, we've been able to hold our manufacturing costs down. Not a bad way to cope with inflation.

At Western Electric, cost reduction and other improvements in our productivity don't just happen. They're the result of a systematic and formalized program which has existed for years.

One of the key elements in this program is our Engineering Research Center (ERC). Western Electric is one of the few corporations that has such a facility.

Unlike most research and development centers, its primary purpose is *manufacturing* research.

Working closely with Bell Labs, where most of our products are designed, the ERC has developed new manufacturing processes that have resulted in enormous savings for Western Electric and our customers.

Committed to Cutting Costs.

In the last few years, Western Electric has implemented over 10,000 different ideas to cut costs.

Like the idea developed by two Western Electric engineers to redesign a simple piece of casing. In its first year it saved $2.3 million.

Or like the idea developed by a team of engineers from Western Electric and Bell Labs that involved a new technique for electroplating our switching equipment. It has saved over $8.5 million in its first year.

In 1977, the net effect of our cost reduction program was a savings of over $200,000,000.

Continuing Innovation.

With cost reductions like these, no wonder our rate of productivity improvement is well ahead of the overall U.S. rate. And it's one reason that during the past 10 years, telephone rates have risen less than half as fast as the consumer price index.

It's a reflection of our continuing innovation and the close collaboration of Western Electric, Bell Labs, and Bell System telephone companies.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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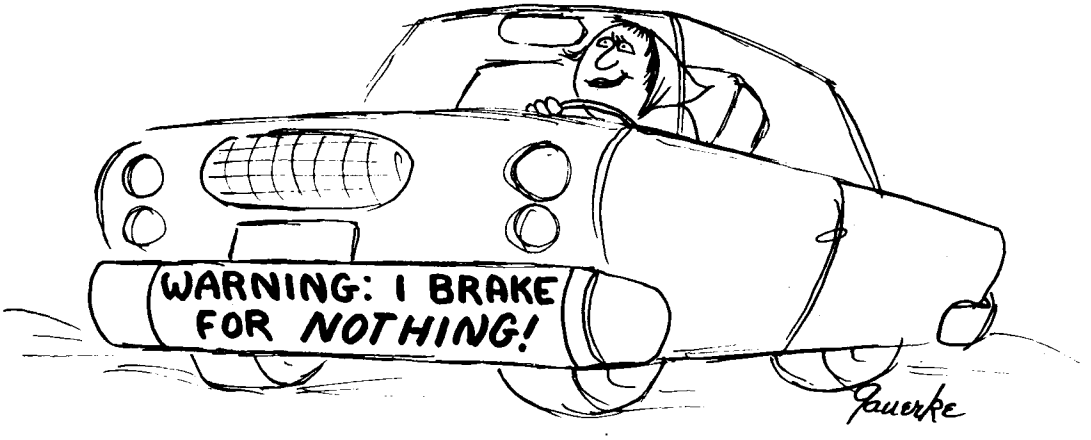
help!!!!

"I finally found a vanishing cream that works . . ."



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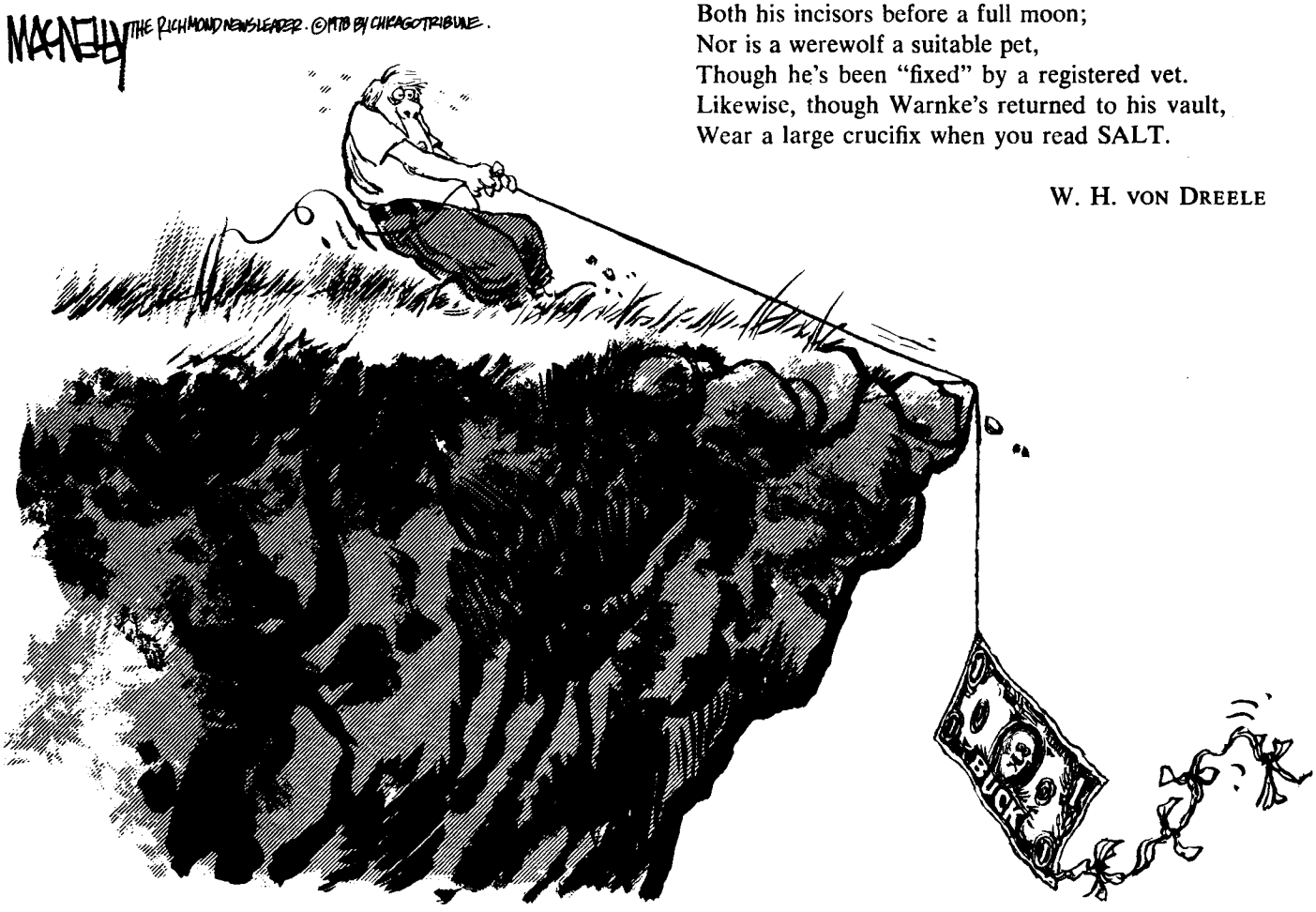
Vampire Lore

Dracula's dangerous, though one may prune
Both his incisors before a full moon;
Nor is a werewolf a suitable pet,
Though he's been "fixed" by a registered vet.
Likewise, though Warnke's returned to his vault,
Wear a large crucifix when you read SALT.

W. H. VON DREELE



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(Continued from page 1471)

as well as he could" would not be in violation of the Sherman Act. As Professor Bork has pointed out in his examination of the legislative history of the Sherman Act in *The Antitrust Paradox*: "The statute was intended to strike at cartels, horizontal mergers of monopolistic proportions, and predatory business tactics." As the Act itself says, "Every . . . conspiracy in restraint of trade . . . is hereby declared to be illegal."

Cost and price reductions and product improvements by one firm expand the trade of a whole industry. Since a company doing this frequently wins a large share of the market in which it operates, judges in the early days of antitrust litigation did not hold "concentration" of sales in the hands of a few firms or "dominance" by a single firm to be illegal in and of itself. Standard Oil and American Tobacco were broken up in 1911 because they had been built by a very large number of "mergers of monopolistic proportions" and had then engaged in "acts and dealings wholly inconsistent with the theory that they were made with the single conception of advancing the development of business . . . by usual methods . . ." The defendants failed to show that the intent underlying their mergers and their acts was the normal one of efficiency and expansion of trade—they failed to show "countervailing circumstances," in Judge White's phrase—and were therefore subjected to antitrust remedies. The remedies were applied not because these firms were dominant but because they were formed and maintained by monopolizing acts and intent—that is, by a desire to gain *control* of the supply of a product and to use that control to charge a monopoly price and thereby restrain trade.

There is a distinction between controlling the supply of a product and producing or selling most of the supply of a product. "Dominant" producers who sell a major portion of a product's supply usually have no control over the supply. They have no power to set a lower level of industry output and a higher price than that which would prevail in a market with many suppliers and no dominant firm. Usually, a dominant producer is the most efficient firm in the industry. Its large output results from its efficiency in supplying the market. The market price is as low as it would be with many producers—frequently lower. Any attempt by a dominant firm to restrict its own supply and increase price after reaching a dominant position simply results in the expansion of output by other firms, the entry of additional firms into the field, and loss of its dominance. A dominant firm can keep its dominance only by behaving competitively. That there is a dominant firm, or small group of firms, in an industry is evidence of competitive behavior—not of monopolization.

The inability of a dominant firm (or group of firms) to control supply and price simply because it produces a major share of an industry's product is illustrated by the experience of the automobile industry in 1927. From 1921 to 1925 the Ford Motor Company supplied more automobiles than all other auto companies combined. The Ford Company was a dominant firm. Then in 1927 it simply shut off its supply to the market for nearly the entire year when it closed to retool for the change from the Model T to the Model A. If the fact that a firm supplies the majority of a market gives it any power to control supply and price, then the complete withdrawal of that firm's supply should certainly cause a rise in price. Yet the price of automobiles did not rise when Ford shut down. Other companies increased their output, and prices *fell* by mid-1927 despite Ford's complete withdrawal from the market.

That a dominant producer has, at most, a very short-lived ability to influence the price of a product can be amply illustrated. The American Sugar Refining Company merged 98 per cent of the capacity for refining sugar east of the Rockies in 1891 and 1892. By cutting production it managed to raise refining margins by 40 per cent in 1893 (which raised the price of sugar by 8 per cent). Expansion of output by other firms cut sugar refining margins in 1894 to a level little higher than the 1891 margins despite further reductions in output by American Sugar. By 1894, the start-up of additional capacity had forced margins back nearly to 1891 levels and had cut American's share of the sugar business by one-quarter. American Sugar was still a dominant firm by today's FTC definition, but it had lost all influence over price and output despite its 85 per cent share of capacity.

In 1901, American Can merged 90 per cent of all capacity in the can business. It raised prices by one-quarter and lost one-third of its share of market in short order. Prices very quickly returned to the pre-merger level.

Dominant firms remain dominant only if they charge the competitive price *and* are more efficient than other firms in their field. If they are less efficient, they soon find their market share dwindling despite selling at competitive prices. The Big Four in the meat packing industry, for example, saw their share of the market dwindle from 56 per cent in 1935 (and from an even higher share in earlier years) to 47 per cent in 1947, to 38 per cent in 1956, to 22 per cent in 1972.* The relative inefficiency of the Big Four showed in the 1920s when their rates of return on investment ran at one-third the rate earned by smaller companies. That situation continued up to at least 1972, as the market share of these inefficient firms fell.

When we are troubled by deflation or inflation, both brought on by the government's ineptness, politicians look for somebody else to blame

The Big Four meat packers (the Big Five in the 1917 FTC investigation) originally achieved their large share of the market by their efficiency—by instituting assembly-line methods with complete utilization of all by-products. They became known for using "everything but the squeal." Also, their development of refrigerated packing houses, cold storage, the refrigerator car, and an efficient distri-

*The 1956 and subsequent figures overstate the share of market retained by the original Big Four since Cudahy was displaced by Hormel.

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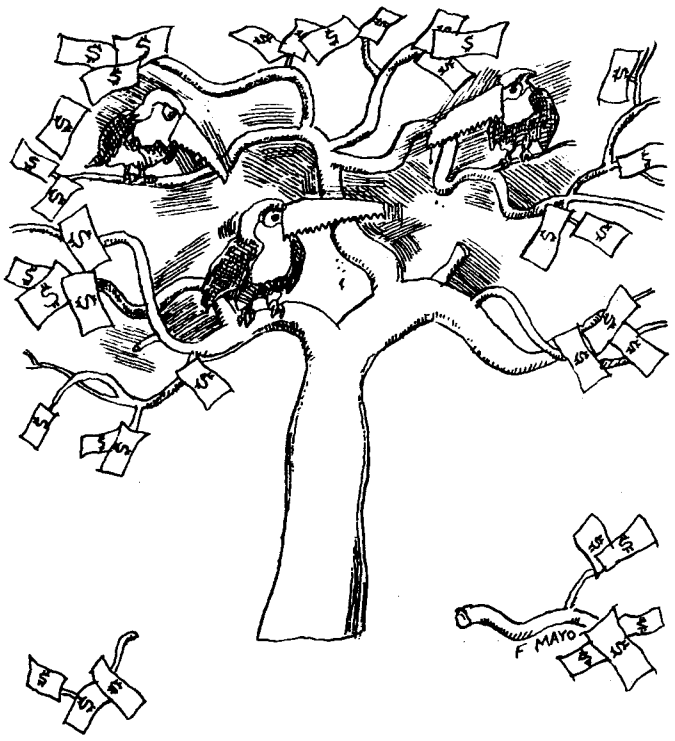

bution system created enlarged markets for meat supplied from cheaper livestock sources. They grew large by being innovative. Once their innovations were imitated by other packers, the decline of the Big Four began, accelerating with the spread of highways and the rise of trucking.

The dominance of the Big Four did not give them any power to restrict output or to control price. If anything, their rise increased competition: it undercut the dominant position of local butchers, who now had to compete with fresh meat brought in by the Big Four, especially after state laws prohibiting the sale of "foreign" meat were ruled unconstitutional. Nevertheless, the FTC filed one of its earliest "shared monopoly" suits in September 1948 against Armour, Cudahy, Swift, and Wilson, accusing them of "conducting . . . operations . . . along parallel non-competitive lines." In the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth century, they had served consumers too well, thus incurring the hostility of local butchers. But it wasn't until the second quarter of this century that the FTC, in a flagrantly anti-consumer action, rode out to rescue the local Horatio Algers, who by that time had been out-competing the Big Four for a good two decades. The FTC demanded that Armour and Swift each be broken up into five companies and that Cudahy and Wilson each be broken up into two. The FTC reluctantly dropped the suit in March 1954, nearly six years and millions of dollars in legal costs after it was brought, but only because the court ruled that pre-1930 behavior was irrelevant in a 1950s proceeding.

The attacks on concentration, whether in the form of an attack on a dominant firm or a shared monopoly, seem to be fairly episodic. The question to be asked is why firms with a large share of the market are left undisturbed for long periods and then challenged. It is not purely coincidental that the nation suffered a severe deflation from 1882 to 1890, with prices dropping by 25 per cent, and that the Sherman Act was passed in 1890. At the time, the declining prices were blamed on "cutthroat" and "predatory" competition. This was also the period when economies of scale in manufacturing, combined with the rapidly declining cost of transportation, led to centralization of production in enlarged facilities.

From 1867 to 1887, for example, sugar production doubled, from one-half to one million tons annually, and the number of refineries decreased from sixty to 27. In the same period, railroad freight rates fell by 60 per cent. This led to larger plants' supplying more distant markets at lower prices than local small plants could manage. So the myth of "cutthroat" competition and "predatory" pricing was born. Antitrust cases were brought against dominant firms such as American Sugar, Standard Oil, American Tobacco, etc.

Another deflation, from 1929 to 1933, in which prices again dropped by 25 per cent, again led to animus against Big Business and especially against that rising innovation in marketing, the chain store. Antitrust cases were brought against dominant firms such as Alcoa and A&P and against "shared monopolies," as in the Mother Hubbard case against the petroleum companies, the proceeding against the major cigarette companies, and the FTC case against the Big Four in meat packing.

In the current period, we have been trying to find scapegoats for inflation. So we have brought cases against "dominant firms" such as IBM, AT&T, and Du Pont, and against the "shared monopolies" already described.

When we are troubled by deflation or by inflation, both brought on by the government's ineptness in operating our monetary and fiscal policy, the politicians look for somebody else to blame.

TODAY we are no longer subject to the kind of superstitions that led the early colonists to hang witches when they were troubled by forces they did not understand. Instead, in this enlightened age, when we seek to rid ourselves of the causes of inflation and other mysterious ailments, we pillory Big Business.

This hunt by politicians for witches to burn is counterproductive in terms of the ends we seek—less inflation, higher rates of growth, higher standards of living. Prices have gone up less rapidly in our most concentrated industries than in others, and productivity has grown more rapidly. From 1967 to 1973, prices in our most concentrated industries rose less than half as rapidly as prices in all manufacturing. From 1958 to 1965, prices in our most concentrated manufacturing industries actually fell while prices in other manufacturing industries rose. Yet it is our concentrated industries—with a superior record of moderating inflation and a superb record of increasing productivity—that are being cast in the role of economic villains.

If this witch hunt continues, the result will be economic disaster. If we break up all manufacturing industries in which four firms produce and sell more than 50 per cent of the product, the result will be a 20 per cent rise in costs and a 10 to 15 per cent rise in prices. The attack on concentration will only hasten our economic decline. □

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LETTER FROM BERKELEY

Farewell, Mario Savio—Hello, Delta Mu

JEFF NELLIGAN

UC-Berkeley, long known as a seat of student rebellion and radicalism, is slowly moving away from its politically turbulent past. The majority of students here today have ceased to direct their energy toward controversial national and international issues and are concentrating instead on campus matters. Admittedly, there is pride in the tradition of protest at Berkeley; but most students today simply do not have an active interest in off-campus issues. They are practical and career-minded, and are taking their education very seriously.

The rapidly diminishing number of radical groups on campus try to keep Berkeley's leftist tradition alive by attacking university policies. A small number of students, for example, are leading a crusade for economic and racial justice in South Africa. UC investments there are not within the jurisdiction of state officials, as state university investments are in most other states, but are controlled by a Board of Regents. Thus the student denunciation of apartheid is aimed at a highly visible and accessible university administration. Similarly, it was at the UC-operated Los Alamos and Lawrence/Livermore laboratories that the neutron bomb, as well as 85 per cent of the other nuclear weapons produced for the U.S. military establishment, was designed. The Lawrence laboratory is a brief stroll from the Berkeley campus; it runs daily tours and, like the university administration, is vulnerably visible. Meanwhile, the precedent-setting Bakke case on reverse discrimination began less than a hundred miles away from Berkeley at a sister campus, UC-Davis; the cry of "Reverse the Bakke decision," following a state supreme court ruling in favor of Bakke, was taken up by socially concerned Berkeley students.

So Berkeley still abounds with social causes. The difference is that they are no longer actively supported by a large student following. Increasingly apathetic students see the manifestations of these crusades—nagging handbill hawkers, noisy rallies, and even class interruptions—as a nuisance. The infighting and disorganization of leftist groups results in a diffusing and weakening of efforts. Overexposure dulls the impact of the causes and alienates otherwise open-minded students. Highlighting this split on the Left was a much publicized brawl between two Marxist student groups earlier this year.

Probably the most significant indication of growing student conservatism and concern for campus issues affecting students came last spring. In a surprising upset election, a new, fraternity/sorority-based, conservative, campus-oriented party called Common Sense took all five student government executive offices, including the student-body presidency, away from the group which had been in power for the last 12 years. Down in flames went the Progressive Coalition, which simply rubber-stamps liberal positions on non-campus issues, and is unconcerned with humdrum campus inequities. The new student-body president calls himself "a Republican at heart" and plans to concentrate on student concerns such as registration fees, campus parking, and educational standards. He will steer clear of symbolic actions on divestiture, arms control, abortion, and Supreme Court decisions.

A number of other incidents illustrate the shift to conservative attitudes and campus concerns. A group of students recently took UC-Berkeley's Chancellor Albert Bowker to court over the misuse of their registration fees for the funding of leftist political groups. During the furor over the Bakke case, the school's newspaper, the *Daily Californian*, came out pro-Bakke. When two influential state assemblymen debated the controversial Jarvis-Gann property tax proposal, fewer than fifty people turned up in the mammoth auditorium, which will hold 850. The ROTC, bitterly criticized during the 1960s, its buildings almost burned down, today enjoys a resurgence and an acceptance on campus. Berkeley, long a bastion of Third World activity and sympathy, has reported a 20 per cent decrease in minority enrollment. If all this isn't enough to disgust nostalgic liberals, the Greek system is making a comeback at the rate of two chapters a year.

The times they are a-changin'. The Free Speech Movement, Mario Savio, the People's Park are gone. "Oh yeah, that was pretty neat," says a student here. Berkeley's past is written on the walls and in the history books. But little of that heritage remains in the hearts or minds of students shuffling through Sproul Plaza, worriedly pondering grade point averages and Board scores. □

Mr. Nelligan is a junior at the University of California at Berkeley. This is his first appearance in NR.

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GALLOPER SMITH

'Everything F. E. undertook he did easily, as if with his left hand, and with a superb gesture of unconcern. He was Aristotle's Magnificent Man, the last exponent of the eighteenth century Grand Manner'

The Cleverest Man in England

DUNCAN WILLIAMS

In the early years of this century, a tall, saturnine, relatively unknown young barrister, F. E. Smith, appeared in a County Court case. He was Oxford-educated but without great influence or backing, and few could have foreseen his dazzling future—Conservative Member of Parliament, Attorney General, Secretary of State for India, Earl of Birkenhead, and, eventually, Lord Chancellor of England.

The case before the court was not important except perhaps to the plaintiff and defendant. Judge Willis, who presided over the case, soon clashed with the irreverent, suave young advocate.

What follows is reported verbatim and is astonishing on two counts—first, Smith's brilliance and audacity; and, equally remarkable, the judge's forbearance.

Willis: Mr. Smith, have you ever heard of a saying by Bacon—the great Bacon—that youth and discretion are ill-wed companions?

Smith: Indeed I have, Your Honor, and has Your Honor ever heard of a saying by Bacon—the great Bacon—that a much-talking judge is like an ill-tuned cymbal?

Willis (furiously): You are extremely offensive, young man!

Smith: As a matter of fact, we both are; the only difference between us is that I'm trying to be and you can't help it . . .

Willis: What do you suppose I am on the Bench for, Mr. Smith?

Smith: It is not for me, Your Honor, to fathom the inscrutable workings of Providence.

Nor were his winged barbs hurled at Willis alone. In the same period, another judge was unwise enough to tell "F.E." (as he became universally known in Britain) that he had read Smith's case and that "I am no wiser now than I was when I started." "Possibly not, my lord, but far better informed," was the feline rejoinder.

Despite a detailed and painstaking biography by his son, the second Earl of Birkenhead, truth and legend grew around this astonishing prodigy who was later to be called the cleverest man in England and who, but for his tragically early death, would undoubtedly have become Prime Minister.

First, some legends which, if not true, certainly should be. It is reported that when he was still an undergraduate, dashing out of the lodge of Wadham College, Oxford, he fell over one of the porter's innumerable children. The porter, Hoskins, rushed from his cubbyhole in the lodge and dusted down F.E., uttering profuse apologies as he did so. "That's perfectly all right, Hoskins," said the unshaken Smith, "but a word of advice. In future, confine your children *more* and your wife *less*."

The second incident concerned a political meeting in the North of England. F.E., who did not suffer fools at all, was forced to listen to an introductory "remark" lasting 45 minutes, which concluded with the words, "and here is Lord Birkenhead, who traveled all this distance to give us his address." F.E. went impassively to the podium and intoned, emotionlessly, "32 Grosvenor Gardens, London," and left the platform to catch the train home. History is silent as to the effect his exit had on the audience; his "introducer" is mercifully anonymous.

My personal favorite concerns the Athenaeum Club in London, the holy of holies, and the ultimate in terms of Establishment acceptance. Although an Earl, Lord Chancellor, and bosom crony of Winston Churchill and Max (Lord) Beaverbrook (it was the latter who called him the cleverest man in England), F.E. had never been elected an Athenaeum member. His biting, sarcastic wit, heavy drinking bouts, and general raffishness had made him enemies among some of the more mediocre and stuffy members, but he found it a convenient place to relieve himself, on his daily walk to the Law Courts in London. After he had used the men's room regularly for some months, one of the more astute members noticed the fact and informed the club secretary. The following morning, as F.E. emerged from the toilet buttoning his fly, the secretary accosted him with the words, "Excuse me, Lord Birkenhead, but are you a member of this club?" "Good God," F.E. exclaimed, "do you mean there's a club here, as well?"

In 1974, on a lecture tour, I used that anecdote in a talk in Minneapolis. Afterward, an elderly man came up, introduced himself, and to my astonishment said: "The last time I was in this auditorium was in 1923, when F.E. appeared at the same podium that you've just spoken from."

Mr. Williams was born in Wales and attended Christ Church, Oxford. One of his books, Trousered Apes, *published in the U.S. in 1972, was nominated book of the year by the London* Sunday Times, Sunday Telegraph, Observer, *and* Evening Standard.

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The origins of the nickname "Galloper" reveal both his athletic abilities (he just missed a rugby blue) and his total lack of pomposity or false dignity. Dining in the senior common-room at Christ Church, Oxford in 1920, during his Lord Chancellorship, F.E., aged 48, was challenged to an endurance test by W. R. Milligan, the famous Oxford runner. A wager was taken that the Lord Chancellor could run four times the circuit of Tom Quad (the largest quadrangle in Oxford) before the young, athletic Milligan could run eight. Both runners took off in dinner jackets and evening shoes, F.E. wearing a large red carnation. Typically he had insisted on one condition: that before the race began he have one more whiskey and soda. The entire senior common-room turned out to watch the contest, and before Milligan had completed his sixth lap F.E. had galloped home to win.

Sometimes his sense of humor passed the limits of both discretion and decorum. Following a brilliant undergraduate career he was elected to the faculty of Merton College, Oxford. While still in his twenties, he paid a visit to Italy with his lifelong friend, Leo Amery. When they were sailing down the Adriatic, an elderly German lady approached Amery and, pointing to F.E., said, "What a wonderful thing it must be to have such a friend." Amery, a little surprised, agreed—only to find out from the German that F.E. had told her that he, Smith, devoted a large part of his "immense fortune" to assisting poor boys of promise; that he had brought up Amery, and was taking him around Europe before settling him down in England as a clergyman. In fact, F.E. was on the bread-line at the time, while Amery had been born into substantial wealth.

Worse, however, was to come. Cruising around the Aegean Islands they met a pleasant, well-educated, middle-aged Greek. Over a glass of wine F.E. introduced himself and Amery: "I am the Lord Mayor of Liverpool and my friend here is the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford University." To their surprise, the Greek exclaimed, "Why, I've been in Liverpool for twenty years!" Back came F.E.: "My youthful appearance astounds you, and it is quite true that I am the youngest Lord Mayor in

England. I was barely 35 when they elected me, as a tribute to my remarkable successes at the Bar. But after all, my career is nothing to that of my friend, Professor Amery, who is even younger than myself but is already recognized not only in England, but on the whole Continent, as the greatest living Hellenic scholar." The Greek, delighted at a chance meeting with two such distinguished men, invited them to a dinner in Athens to which were also bidden the Greek cabinet, professors of the university, and other eminent Athenians. Prudently, Amery took fright, and they slipped away in a little steamer full of pilgrims en route to Smyrna.

In an article, it is obviously impossible to do more than capsulate the brilliance and nerve of this extraordinary man. As a lawyer, he took part in almost every famous case of his age, including the trials of Sir Roger Casement, the Irish patriot hanged for treason during the First World War (by a curious coincidence, the same fate overtook Leo Amery's son during the Second War), and the notorious Dr. Crippen, the wife-murderer and the first man to be arrested as a result of Marconi's wireless. A much less important case, however, became legal history on account of F.E.'s forensic skill. He appeared for a bus company being sued for damages by the parents of a boy who claimed he was unable to raise his right hand above his shoulder as a result of a collision. "How high can you raise your arm now?" asked F.E. with outward sympathy. His face contorted with pain, the boy slowly raised the arm to the level of the shoulder. "Thank you," said F.E., "and will you now show us how high you could lift it before the accident?" The arm was thrust high in the air. The case was lost.

As a husband he found the perfect complement in his wife, Margaret Furneaux, herself the daughter of an Oxford don. (Her mother was the daughter of the artist Joseph Severn, in whose arms Keats had died.) F.E.'s weaknesses were obvious. He could always earn vast sums of money but was constitutionally incapable of keeping it. He drank life to the full, and his premature end came suddenly, following a burst blood vessel.

His conservatism was rather that of Edmund Burke than of the more modern brand of political expediency. The best example of his thinking is perhaps the following excerpt from a speech he made during the so-called Constitutional Struggle of 1909-1911. Defending the House of Lords against the abolitionists, led by his erstwhile friend Lloyd-George, F.E. spoke these words—as appropriate today, when that House is under rancorous and envious attack, as when originally uttered:

> What man knows when he uproots a tree, centuries old, how far its roots have spread, with how many growths they are woven and intertwined, and how many uncontemplated destructions may be effected by its fall.

It is fitting to conclude with two *obiter dicta*. His greatest friend and the greatest Englishman of our time, Winston Churchill, wrote: "Our friendship was perfect. It was one of my most precious possessions. It was never marred by the slightest personal difference or misunderstanding. It grew stronger as nearly a quarter of a century slipped by, and it lasted till his untimely death." John Buchan (Viscount Tweedsmuir), novelist and statesman, enlarged on the same theme: "Everything F.E. undertook he did easily, as if with his left hand, and with a superb gesture of unconcern. He was Aristotle's Magnificent Man, the last exponent of the eighteenth century Grand Manner. . . . He refused to relinquish cakes and ale because of the frowns of the anemic. He had his own strict code of honor and he never departed from it. . . . Above all, he had magnanimity; next to a stout ally, he loved a stout opponent." □

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LETTER FROM PARIS

A Cultural Coup d'Etat

THOMAS MOLNAR

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES periodically agonize over possible ways of inducing the United States to return—or advance—to more traditional values and policies. And after all the talk, the conclusion is usually to do something on the order of endowing more university chairs for anti-Keynesian economics professors, or campaigning for political candidates who favor tax cuts. It never seems to occur to anybody that what is really needed is a cultural take-over.

Yet it can be done—I've watched it happen in France. Over the past three or four years, fully half of France's intellectual and cultural life has come under the direction of the Right. However, this shift was not so sudden as it may seem. For years, "*libéraux*" (what in America would be called conservatives) in the French government had sought to encourage the creation of a right-wing counterpart to the extremely influential leftist daily, *Le Monde*. They had little success, though, until Robert Hersant, owner of dozens of provincial newspapers, appeared on the Paris scene to put up the money and the organizational talent. The other great daily, *Le Figaro*, passed into his hands (as did, successively, the evening and morning papers *France-Soir* and *L'Aurore*). To run *Le Figaro*, Hersant assembled a team of young right-wingers, headed by Louis Pauwels and Alain de Benoist. Meanwhile, he retained many of *Le Figaro*'s renowned columnists—members of the French Academy such as Pierre Gaxotte, Maurice Druon, Thierry Maulnier, and Eugene Ionesco. One sad consequence of Hersant's coup d'état was that *Le Figaro* lost the services of Raymond Aron. But even that loss turned into a gain when Aron joined the editorial staff of the mass-circulation weekly *L'Express*, in which conservatives (the French *libéraux*) now hold a majority of the stock.

The new team at *Le Figaro* is made up of men who are, as I say, ideologically right-wing, but who are also anti-Christian. They put the blame for the crisis of the West—the rise of Marxism, permissive democracy, the Freudian invasion of the mind, the collapse of public morality, racism in reverse—on the modernist tendencies of the Catholic Church. They are anti-Soviet, but also anti-American; the foreigners they admire are such men as Arthur Koestler, Hans Eysenck (an anti-Freudian psychologist), and the German writer Ernst Jünger.

Stirrings from the Right

The *Figaro* group, one of the best organized enterprises I know, also publishes four or five excellent magazines; its *Nouvelle Ecole* is both first-class and highly controversial. Right-wingers have also infiltrated the staffs of the prestigious *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and of *Le Spectacle du Monde* and *Valeurs Actuelles*, two mass-circulation magazines that are truly intellectually exciting—they belong to the press empire of Raymond Bourgine, who is, next to Hersant, France's most talented press lord. The *Figaro/Nouvelle Ecole* group has also started a publishing house, Editions Copernic (for which I am writing a new study of Marxism), and beginning this fall it will bring out *Figaro-Magazine* (a new Sunday edition of the paper), printing close to half a million copies and underselling *L'Express*.

A moving force of the group is Alain de Benoist, age 34, a walking—or rather traveling—encyclopedia who has organized like-minded groups all across the Continent. While traveling in Europe this summer I heard his name mentioned—in tones of apprehension mixed with respect—in Greece, Italy, and Spain; clearly, the *Nouveaux Philosophes* are not the only French intellectuals whom other Europeans find intriguing. Benoist's bulky collection of critical articles about right-wing thinkers, *Vu de Droite*, has just won the essay prize of the French Academy, roughly half of whose members (Ionesco among them) now are from the Right.

But the activity on the Right is not confined to the Hersant/Bourgine group. New right-wing magazines, newspapers, and cultural enterprises are being started all the time—an extraordinary development in view of the phalanx-like leftist domination of the cultural scene in France from 1946 to 1968. *Contrepoint*, originally founded around Raymond Aron, has as its new editor the Uruguayan ex-Communist

Mr. Molnar's most recent book is Christian Humanism: A Critique of the Secular City and Its Ideology.

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Ricardo Paseyro. At the age of 18, Paseyro was Pablo Neruda's secretary; his eyes were opened when, in 1949, at the age of 21, he went to Hungary on a Communist-sponsored study-trip to attend the trial of Laszlo Rajk. Paseyro, a talented poet, is passionately and intelligently anti-Communist, and *Contrepoint* reflects his political experience and exquisite literary taste.

The mass-circulation *Le Point*, meanwhile, is a kind of right-of-center, intellectually hard-hitting *Newsweek*. One of its editors, Georges Suffert, an escapee from the Catholic Left, has written two successful books. One is an acerbic attack on the intellectuals; the other, written in collaboration with the historian Pierre Chaunu, warns against the low birth rate (the discussion includes the abortion problem) which is causing the population of France to fall, perhaps dangerously.

There were some fears that the Right would lose the fresh morning voice of *L'Aurore* when its owner, textile magnate Marcel Boussac, was forced to liquidate his empire (an empire that also included racing stables, thousands of acres of land, and the house of Dior). Fortunately, however, the paper was sold to Hersant, and remains unchanged ideologically. The joy one still gets from reading *L'Aurore* is due in large part to the column of Father Raymond Bruckberger, whose comments on religious matters, witty but serious, have won him a large Catholic readership.

As France Goes?

Why this change of climate in France? Partly because the Left has run out of steam; partly because of Solzhenitsyn. Marxism has lost face—in large part, as a result of Solzhenitsyn's disclosures—and the dictators of cultural fashion have confessed their errors. The former TV director Marcel Jullian now says he's a royalist; Maurice Clavel, a hero of the May insurrection of 1968, has become a fervent Catholic (but without losing his old bite); the *Nouveaux Philosophes*, although they still, from time to time, give in to the temptation to equate Argentina's General Videla with Leonid Brezhnev, are resolutely anti-Marxist. Following their example, the younger generation has lost respect for the Marxoid cheerleaders at the Sorbonne and in the cafés of Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Sad to report, though, Marxist sympathizers are still being recruited —now mostly among ecclesiastics, who repeat the errors, and even the jargon, current among lay fellow-travelers of thirty years ago.

There is not space in this brief report to cover the traditional Right and its wide gamut of magazines, including militant political weeklies like *Aspects de la France*, and solid Catholic monthlies like *Monde et Vie* and *Itinéraires*. Scholarly and sober in expression, these publications are not in the mainstream. It was, however, due to their political intelligence and religious orthodoxy that a right-wing view was kept alive during the postwar years. Today, the public for this point of view is growing, mainly because the Right has become both more sure of itself and wider-ranging.

Can these cultural developments on the French scene be repeated in the United States? Not, certainly, in the same way—each nation must tackle its problems differently. But France has shown that a turn to the Right can be accomplished. What it takes is conviction, sustained will, the knowledge of the weaknesses of one's adversary, and money—wealthy sponsors of culture with a serious respect for ideas. □

The Incredible Pea-Lover

THERE ONCE WAS a man named Henry Littlefinger who was so determined to abide by the President's plea for all citizens to lower their expectations that he decided to start loving a pea, his theory being that anybody who could love something that little was really lowering his hopes, because, after all, what can you expect from a pea?

So he bought a box of dried-up, wrinkled peas, selected the smallest, and began to sit in front of it, saying over and over, "Love that pea, Henry; love that pea. Lower your expectations."

It was hard to restrict his loving to a pea, though, because *people* loved him. Always had, and he had always loved them back. Even in diapers he was a handsome devil, a charmer, a non-wetter, a non-slurper, dripless. People came in from all over town to see him, handle him, gurgle him, love him, fiddle with him.

And so he had grown—up, sideways, most of it charm—with *everybody* loving him. Dogs, cats, parents, cousins, nephews, uncles, aunts, grandpappys, grandmammas, girls, cows, owls, the U.S. Government. All of them shoveled love all over him—yards of it. Some even used a wheelbarrow. And he had loved them all back.

Now here he was trying to learn to love a pea.

People were puzzled. "What you got there?" they asked.

"A pea. I'm learning to love it. Lowering my expectations. Being patriotic."

Oh.

They called him Henry the Pea-Lover as they watched him set his pea in a little pea-holder he'd made. Four times a day—morning, noon, evening, and night—they stared as he went through five minutes of Pea Love Time. "Love that pea, Henry, love that pea. Lower your expectations."

He was the talk of the town, all right. Look at that man loving a pea. Look!

Henry saw their awe, their reverence, their envy, and he was proud.

Proud! So proud that it got so that half the time he forgot about lowering anything.

Then a strange thing happened. His pea began to get bigger. Grew—right in front of his loving eyes, day by day, week by week. From a pea-sized pea to a peanut-sized pea to an apple-sized pea to a cabbage-sized pea to a watermelon-sized pea to a . . . Bigger and bigger, up and up.

Moral: It's all right to lower your expectations by loving a pea, but since expectations tend to get larger no matter what, you might as well skip all the pea business and vote Republican the next time.

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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Deflating Grades

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

DEMON GRADE inflation has now plagued for some decades our institutions of allegedly higher learning—but especially these past few years, when enrollments have been static or declining. At some colleges, it has become almost impossible for any student to fail—even if he almost never turns up in the classroom. At most universities and colleges, the grade A signifies what a C would have signified a quarter of a century ago. There are "honors" graduates who cannot write an ordinary letter without making hideous blunders.

Earlier this year, a survey of grade inflation was made by consulting 33 university and college registrars in Texas. Grades in those institutions, it was shown, began rising rapidly about 1967 to 1969. Some 85 per cent of the responses blamed particularly "faculty permissiveness" for the inflation, which has produced a disproportionate number of "honors" degrees at graduations. Many professors, it appeared from this survey, have attached a diminished importance to grades, have failed to resist student pressures, and have ceased to expect decent performance.

Also, the Texas survey suggests, "declining occupational mobility" induces members of staffs to grade higher: that is, the professors and instructors fear unemployment, and so don't risk disfavor by rousing the hostility of either administrators or students. Declining enrollments cause troubles with college budgets; so the word is passed round to go easy. And the popular evaluations of staff members by students—official policy now on most campuses—discourage professors from ranking low those students who in turn might rank the professors low. The Texas survey suggests, however, that some colleges sense the danger of degrading the degree.

On this page, during the past year, I have touched several times upon the matter of indulgent administrators and professors who expect next to nothing of their students—most recently, in the case of Frostburg State College, where even freshmen who had failed every course were being allowed to remain enrolled. Among the several people who commended me on that particular column was a gentleman who has fought and won a battle over incompetent or indolent students: Dr. Gustavo A. Mellander, president of Passaic County Community College, in New Jersey.

No More Boondoggles

Three years ago, when Dr. Mellander was appointed to his post, Passaic Community College seemed about to collapse. Its system of grading already had collapsed: the lowest grade any student received in any course was C. There were no essay examinations, no book reports, and no required attendance. The college's reputation was dismal.

Dr. Mellander, who comes from the Canal Zone, promptly discharged some 64 members of the staff. (Would that his name were Legion!) In 1976, he suspended or placed on probation a third of the student body. Mercilessly he cleaned the boondoggle courses out of the inflated curriculum. He insisted that all teachers teach composition, whatever their formal discipline. He compelled students to write essays and reports. He restored the grades of D and F. A fuller account of his heroic reforms may be found in *Change* magazine, April 1977.

And didn't he suffer from his foolhardy eagerness to have his college offer a genuine education? Well, when the word went round that he was enforcing standards, half of the students who had pre-registered for the fall of 1976 changed their minds and didn't turn up. Passaic Community College lost some $300,000 in fees and public subsidies, one-tenth of its budget.

Yet when the mist cleared, enrollment had increased by 6 per cent, and the college has been prospering ever since. An addition to the campus costing $10 million was dedicated this summer. There are some 1,700 students now (40 per cent of them black, 65 per cent women); it is expected that they will study, and that half of them will go on to four-year colleges. Passaic County Community College has become, in quite short order, one of the better community colleges in the land. "It can be done!" President Mellander writes to me.

College presidents with such courage are few. As I wander from state to state, speaking on campuses, I have come to suspect that far too many colleges exist merely for the sake of existing. Their administrators and professors have ceased to believe in any ends of higher learning, and often are indifferent about the question of whether their graduating seniors have learned anything. Then why do such institutions continue to function—big ones, little ones, public ones, independent ones? Why, to pay salaries to administrators and professors.

Wasted Resources

A college degree now represents far less than a high-school diploma used to—unless one knows a great deal about colleges and can distinguish those institutions which still maintain tolerable standards of performance and retain some sort of order and integration in the curriculum. Thus there are thrust into America's workaday world a mass of young people who have spent several years in intellectual idleness, but are puffed up with a *little* learning—a dangerous thing. More than any earlier era, ours requires competence and efficiency, and yet we waste immense amounts of time and money in efforts to teach the ineducable, having fallen victim to Mark Twain's ironic observation that "one man is as good as another, or maybe a little better."

At Passaic, Dr. Mellander got rid of "independent study," cheating students, counter-culture courses, shady "financial aids," incompetent teachers, and complacency. He says that less should be spent upon higher education and more upon primary and secondary education. He knows that the ends of education are more than teachers' tenure and annual increases of salary. Grade President Mellander A+. □

Mr. Kirk has recently published two books, Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Learning, *and* The Princess of All Lands, *a collection of stories. A third edition of his* Randolph of Roanoke *has also recently been released.*

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Pope John Paul II

Out of This World

MALACHI B. MARTIN

UNTIL POPE John Paul II begins to implement his own particular brand of papal policy, we can have nothing but speculation as to what his papacy will actually be like. Nevertheless, at this early stage, it will help enormously to recall the primary influences that have moulded his character as a man and as a churchman.

As a teenage member of the pre-war group Odrodzenie (Renaissance), Karol Wojtyla came under the influence of its organizer, Professor Stefan Wyszynski, sociologist at the University of Lublin. Today, Stefan Wyszynski is Cardinal Primate of Poland, a churchman angrily referred to by resentful members of the old-time Vatican bureaucracy as "our Holy Father of Central Europe"; known to his fellow Catholics behind the Iron Curtain as "the fox of the Soviet Empire"; and, together with Wojtyla, the principal architect of a Church policy which has successfully defied Stalinism, the most thoroughgoing enemy the Roman Church has ever faced in its long history.

Odrodzenie, a movement aimed at a revivification of millennial Polish nationalism, gave young Wojtyla his first feeling for the Polish nation as a whole and for its keystone position in Europe. From the Polish point of view, if there had not been a Poland, there would never have been a modern Western Europe: France, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and Italy would have become Turkish fiefs. Arabic would have been the *lingua franca* from Istanbul to Calais. There would have been no European Enlightenment, no efflorescence of European science and literature, no mass emigrations to the United States, and southwestern Europe would have wallowed in that peculiar backwardness the Ottoman Turks successfully organized for four hundred years in the Middle East and in the southeast corner of Europe. Prominent Western historians are inclined to agree with a good deal of this hypothesis. What one must note in this concept, which Wojtyla adheres to, is that the heart of Europe is neither France nor Italy nor Germany. Now, Europe stretches from Galway in Ireland to the Urals in the Soviet empire, and Europe is a central item in Pope John Paul's outlook; but we must understand what he means by Europe and, hence, where he feels the strength of Europe comes from.

Deeply engaged in the Polish underground from 1939 to 1945, Wojtyla was a member of the Armia Krajowa (Home Army). The Armia was in charge of helping escapees, collecting military information, and building resistance morale. Wojtyla acted as a courier and a distributor of underground literature. He belonged to the group that obtained vital information for the Allies about the Nazi experiments with and manufacture of V-1 and V-2 missiles, which were being tested in Poland, and transmitted the information to London. He was also in charge of teenage youth groups; and, together with a certain Dr. Kotlarczyk, organized the "Rhapsodic Theater," an underground cultural venture in experimental drama marked by decidedly nationalist strains. From this period, Wojtyla gained more than merely the ability to project his rich baritone voice. For one thing, he realized that a sense of the tragic is essential for the man who would be free. The pursuit of immediate happiness is not the be-all and the end-all of human life, but a means of extinguishing freedom.

While working in the theater, he came under the powerful influence of Jan Tyrowski. After Wyszynski, Tyrowski was the single biggest influence on Wojtyla, for he successfully developed a side of Wojtyla's character that now plays a large part in his decision-making. Tyrowski was a tailor by trade and not at all an educated man; but he had an extraordinary gift of mystical prayer, and was deeply versed in the doctrine of St. John of the Cross, a sixteenth century Spanish monk and the one supreme master of mysticism that Western Christianity had produced in 1,500 years. Wojtyla learned from Tyrowski what many never learn: the principal works of St. John of the Cross cannot be *studied*. Like the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola, they must be *practiced*, and thus perhaps understood. But they can only be practiced by someone who has antecedently received the gratuitous and rare gift of mystical prayer. Tyrowski discovered that the young Wojtyla had received that unusual gift.

According to the archives of the Foreign Ministry in Warsaw, Wojtyla was put on the Nazi wanted list in 1944; his underground activities had become notorious. For this reason, Cardinal-Archbishop Sapieha of Warsaw sent him into hiding until the war was over. At that point Wojtyla supported the London-based exile government. Having been ordained a priest in late 1946, he was sent by Cardinal Sapieha to Rome for graduate work. At the Angelicum University in Rome, he completed his doctorate with a thesis titled "The Problem of Faith in St. John of the Cross."

LATER, AFTER he had returned to Krakow, he earned a PhD in philosophy from the Jagellonian University, studying in particular the phenomenology of Max Scheler. Scheler's importance for Wojtyla did not lie in the fact that Scheler had become a Roman Catholic through his studies in phenomenology. (Scheler later rejected Christianity and became a species of pantheist.) But the methodology Scheler developed to describe the data of the world as we consciously experience them provided Wojtyla with a vehicle with which to reformulate Christian beliefs in a way intelligible to his contemporaries who suffer from the modern sense of abandonment and loneliness.

After some years of work at the University of Lublin and Krakow, he became Archbishop of Krakow in 1964 and a cardinal in 1967. Last month, he was elected Bishop of Rome and Pope of the Roman Catholic Church.

In 1963, many people did not realize the profound influence which Jacques Maritain's *Integral Humanism* had exercised on the mind and outlook of the then-newly-elected Pope Paul VI. If

(Continues on page 1496)

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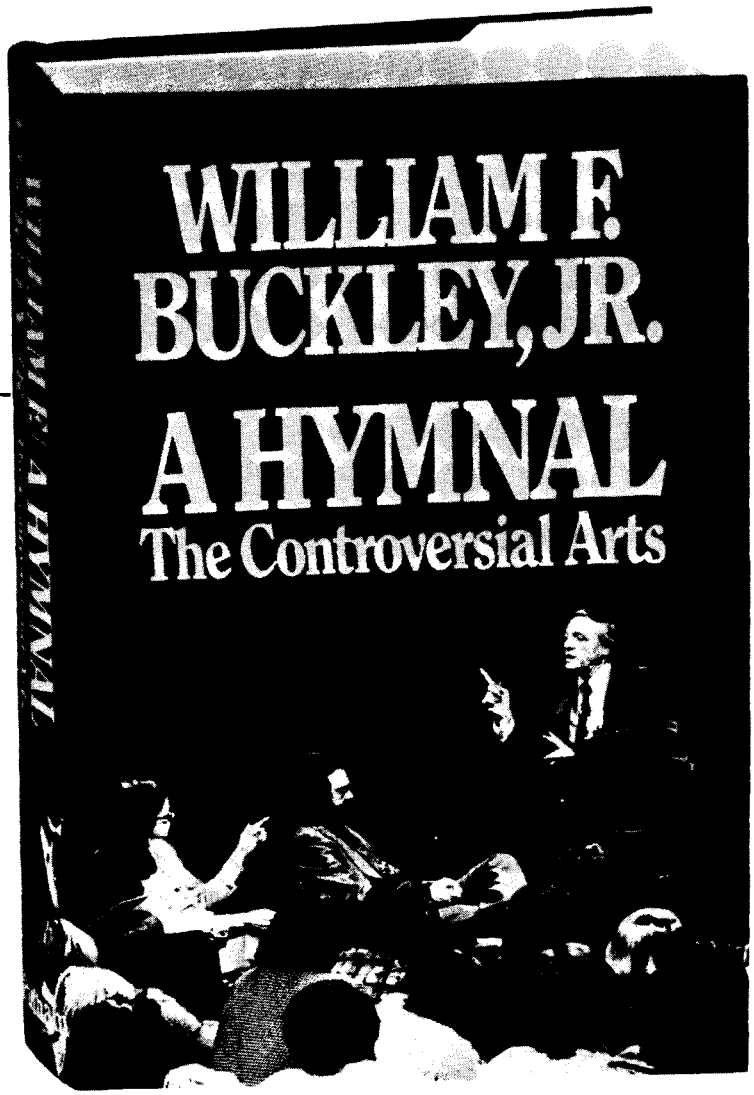
This Year Give Yourself a Christmas Present!



This year, be your own Santa Claus. Give yourself a present you *know* you're going to enjoy. Give yourself "A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts," Bill Buckley's fascinating new book. It's really something special, an intriguing collection of some of Buckley's best writings and the first of its kind in the last three years.

"Hymnal" is a big book (almost 500 pages) bursting with literary treasures. You'll find well over a hundred sparkling articles and essays on a wide variety of subjects—inflation, abortion, capital punishment, energy, feminism, gun control, and much, much more. You'll learn about God and Man at Yale twenty-five years later; the return of Edgar Smith, and what it means to experience Andy Young. Sheer reading pleasure.

This hardcover first edition, of necessity, sells for a fairly stiff $12.95. But, to make it easier for you to give yourself this Christmas present we're making an exceptional offer based on a low-cost 18-issue (9 month) subscription. The current subscription rate for 9 months of NR is $13.50 ($18.00 newsstand), and the book retails for $12.95—a $26.45 combination value at the very least. However, with this new offer you can get the book, plus nine months of *National Review* (either as a new subscription or by extending your present subscription), for a total of only $19.95. You save a full $6.50 and we pay all postage and handling charges.

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Remembered Music

A Hymnal: The Controversial Arts
By William F. Buckley Jr.
Putnam, 511 pp., $12.95

EDWIN M. YODER JR.

A *hymnal*? It is an odd title at first glance. Hymnody is usually praise, and Mr. Buckley, being a rational and observant man, rations his praise. I admit, moreover, that I ended up feeling about this book quite as I do about the hymnal we sing from at church: awe for the best of the old remembered music, mingled with wonder that a few entries were admitted to the canon.

But the amiable and distinguished editor of this journal never falls to the bathos of, let us say, "O for a closer walk with God." Let us merely say that there are risks in so prodigious an output of polemics as Mr. Buckley undertakes week upon week; and a few of the risks loom larger in retrospect.

In this collection of fugitives, Mr. Buckley's fifth, my own favorite is the excerpt from his account of a transoceanic sailing adventure, first printed in *The New Yorker*. It is the one thing Mr. Buckley has written which, he tells us, pleased everyone. And no wonder. Books on amateur sailing abound; but I know of none so good as *Airborne*. I read it practically at a sitting a year or so ago, fresh from a seaside vacation, and it evoked for me the risks and sensations that were the common lot of our seafaring race a few generations ago. It is a lovely book, and the excerpt equally lovely.

Among the shorter pieces, which cover a generous span of topics, I like best Mr. Buckley's brilliant column on the unease sensitive lawyers feel about their profession. Malaise in that ancient discipline, he suggests, is an aspect of the antinomianism of our time: "The deeper problem is, as I view it, that the lawyers, in an age of relativism, nibble away at the root of the epistemology itself. Suddenly nothing is really knowable. The Supreme Court of the United States discovers every year or so something in the Constitution not only that hasn't been discovered before [this, by the way, the reviewer begs leave to doubt], but something which the formulators of that particular article or amendment specifically rejected. But it becomes law. This is called casuistry, and casuistry is one of the diseases of a decadent order in which people refuse to rely on basic cognitive skills, and have no faith in sequential argument."

I quote that passage at length not only for its merit but also because basic cognitive skills and a faith in sequential argument are pillars of Mr. Buckley's style. Which brings me, in fact, to the main subject at hand: Mr. Buckley's immense talent as a rhetorician. He is justly celebrated for the impish charm of his prose, wiry with thought and colored by felicitous allusion. It is too little noticed that he is also a member in good standing of the (unofficial) wordmonger's club, with a magpie instinct for glittering ornament. I noted in these essays words like soritical, anfractuous, concinnity, repristinated, and encephalophonic—and of course, many times over, "afflatus." "You can say that . . . I both admire and enjoy both you and your afflatus," teases a 15-year-old schoolboy correspondent. The lad is not too green to notice a tic. Might not Mr. Buckley's friend Hugh Kenner, who conspired with others to wean Mr. Buckley of the word "solipsist" now organize a plan for rationing the use of "afflatus"? I might also mention another agreeable embellishment: the device of amiable hyperbole—as that English civil servants are so wed to the orderly execution of policy that they "will poison the water supply if told to do so."

In awarding my blue ribbons to the sailing piece and the piece on lawyers (and in adding that Mr. Buckley too seldom exercises his talent for the trenchant observation of character, as in the sketch of his last meeting with Vladimir Nabokov), I don't mean to slight the more polemical pieces. But they are often pegged to transitory events and, anthologized, bear the stamp of twenty-minuteness more visibly than others. (As a daily editorialist, I know the symptoms only too well.)

Besides, to notice too many arguments in a short compass would involve the reviewer in ungracious quibbles inappropriate to the hospitality of the editor's own pages. I yield briefly to a couple of temptations, however.

One is to say that Mr. Buckley's views on handgun control, as set forth in a column of January 22, 1977, strike

David Evanier *has contributed to many journals and was the winner of the Aga Khan Fiction Prize in 1975. . . .* **Selden Rodman**'*s latest book is* Genius in the Badlands. . . . **Edwin M. Yoder Jr.** *is an editorial writer for the* Washington Star.

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me as employing certain rhetorical devices which he elsewhere condemns. (Particulars supplied upon written request.) The question, as I understand it, is: Might control of handgun ownership cut down the incidence of violent crimes committed with handguns? Mr. Buckley scoffs at the notion that we can "end violent crime by scooping up forty million handguns." He would be right to scoff if that were the simplistic illusion of those who support this overdue readjustment of frontier habits. It is true, as Mr. Buckley argues, that the propensity to shoot others is largely cultural—the Irish do, the Swiss don't —but why facilitate a bad habit by making the means of it handier? And by the way, do Swiss closets really bristle with handguns?

SECONDLY, to lift a small corner of the curtain on an ancient controversy, I cannot agree with Mr. Buckley that the excesses of Senator Joseph McCarthy's critics dwarfed his own. That Bertrand Russell "actually said that McCarthy had made it unsafe for Americans to read Thomas Jefferson" tells us more about Lord Russell than about the serious case against Senator McCarthy. It is one of Mr. Buckley's estimable techniques, usually deployed to better purpose, to deflate a view he rejects by citing its dottier manifestations.

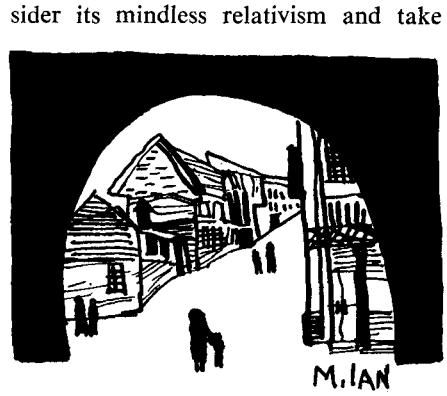
To my mind, the most considerable piece in *A Hymnal* is the long introduction to Regnery's reissue of *God and Man at Yale*, which gives Mr. Buckley opportunity to relive his explosive debut and the storm it provoked. Mr. Buckley published the book at 24, no sophomore then but neither, then, the mellow advocate we know and love today. Its well-known proposition was, of course, that Yale was not schooling its students in the religion and economic outlook (Christianity and capitalism) he assumed to be that of its alumni and donors. It was a frontal and provocative attack on educational pluralism, which Mr. Buckley saw with some justification as a shapeless mess.

I confess that I am not quite persuaded, even now, of the soundness or practicality of the university "mission" which Mr. Buckley urged on the Christian/capitalist alumni of Yale. Yet there is even more to be said in principle for that sort of philosophical coherence today than in 1951. Some of the practical impediments were, and remain, obvious. Could it be assumed, as Mr. Buckley supposed, that Yale alumni were as one in their zeal for ancient truths? Indeed, would not the assumption of such lockstep uniformity be itself an indictment of several generations of Yale education? And while civilized orthodoxies are changeless, the forms given to their civilized expression do change. There must have been a time when Yale students were taught, as an appropriate inference from Christian principles, to dread witches. And this is to pass over the antique curiosities of some economics.

Yet, all this said, it is plain after 27 years that Mr. Buckley had hold of a weighty issue, and that his smug critics of the academic establishment flatly refused to grapple with it. And still do.

The problem springs from that same muddled relativism, that anchorless agnosticism about the knowable, which he detects and deplores in the malaise of the law. A whoring after exotic gods, ideological and theological alike, is now the not unusual consequence of formless, functional education. For this, timid educationists who fail to distinguish between nurture and indoctrination are much to blame.

Those values which Mr. Buckley deemed it his university's mission to expound deserved more effort in 1951 and deserve more now. How one gets from the recognition of this need to the discovery of a civil way, consistent with the freedom to learn and teach, of keeping those values at the core of things, I am not sure. Mr. Buckley would now settle for less than he sought 27 years ago: that is, for balanced exposure, "equal time" as it were, for the religious and educational values he esteems. That is reasonable. But there is no sign that the academy, any more than the bar, is yet of a mind to reconsider its mindless relativism and take stock of its duties to the Western tradition. We can count on Mr. Buckley to press the question and to remind us all of our purposes. We need his zeal; and I am thankful for it. □



The Servile State
By Hilaire Belloc
Liberty Classics, 207 pp., $8; $2 paperbound

ÉPATEZ LES HÉRÉTIQUES!

M. J. SOBRAN

Hilaire Belloc was a reactionary of a type that hardly dares exist today. The breed was all but extinguished by Vatican II, though the psychology, disguised and displaced as radicalism, survives.

Belloc hated the present (in his case, 1870 to 1953) and made no bones about it. England had been ruined by the Reformation. But the ruins might be repaired, restored: he could hardly say otherwise without calling in question the relevance of his own positive creed. So in *The Servile State* (1912) he offered his own prescription, which he named distributivism (better known, where known at all, as distributism). It was basically nostalgia, a cozy vision of a nation of yeomen and small craftsmen, each on his own little plot of land. This was not proposed as utopian; Belloc insisted that his scheme had been emerging in the Middle Ages, before the Tudor depredations on the Church and small landholders. He had seen the past, and it worked.

The Servile State, long out of print, is back in a handsome new edition with an introduction by Robert Nisbet. The circumstance is not without irony: the publisher, Liberty Classics, champions the capitalism which Belloc attacks.

Belloc once defined capitalism as "a state of society in which a minority control the means of production, leaving the mass of citizens dispossessed." This is a pickwickian use of the term, since it has little to do with the formation of capital historically, and since in the abstract there is no reason why capitalism should be supposed to re-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ ONE MORE FROM OCTOBER: John Hohenberg's *A Crisis for the American Press* (Columbia, $14.95) is the usual alarmist boilerplate (the threat of regulation looms, democracy is being weakened, etc.).

■ MORE NOVEMBER TITLES: Vladimir Bukovsky, the Soviet "criminal" who escaped to the West last year, is publishing a memoir, *To Build a Castle: My Life as a Dissenter* (Viking, $10.95). The translation is by Michael Scammell.

Understanding the New Religions (Seabury, $17.50; paper $8.95), edited by Jacob Needleman and George Baker, is a collection of essays by a number of scholars on the significance of contemporary religious trends in the U.S. . . . Tom Bottomore and Robert Nisbet are the editors of *A History of Social Analysis* (Basic, $24.50 to Nov. 30; $29.50 thereafter) in which 14 sociologists reconsider sociology as a scientific discipline.

In *Hustling and Other Hard Work: Life Styles in the Ghetto* (Free Press, $11.95) Bettylou Valentine takes another look at the "culture of poverty." . . . Marilyn Warenski's *Patriarchs and Politics: The Plight of the Mormon Woman* (McGraw-Hill, $10.95) claims that although Mormon feminists in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries worked hard at liberation, female members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints are today oppressed by the Patriarchs, whose reading of the Mormon Bible is conservative.

The plot of John Updike's new novel, *The Coup* (Knopf, $8.95), about events in a sub-Saharan principality, sounds like a blend of *Scoop* and *Henderson the Rain King*. . . . Louis Simpson, the poet, has written a study called *The Revolution in Taste: Studies of Dylan Thomas, Allen Ginsberg, Sylvia Plath, Robert Lowell* (Macmillan, $12.95), which mingles biographical material with criticism. . . . Duncan Wilson wrote his biography *Leonard Woolf: A Political Biography* (St. Martin's, $18.50) to round off his subject's autobiography in five volumes. . . . *The Arts of David Levine* (Knopf, $25), by David Levine, will delight those intellectuals who only subscribe to *The New York Review of Books* for the cartoons.

quire the dispossession of anyone. Concretely, Belloc was referring to England, where (as he thought) the capitalist class had taken its permanent character and composition from Henry VIII's confiscations. The resulting inequalities of wealth, he explains in this book, necessarily made the consequences of industrialism more malign, for the mass of Englishmen, than they would otherwise have been.

Worse yet, capitalism would lead to socialist proposals which would only aggravate the evils. The proletariat might well be persuaded to sell its liberty for security, but the governing class, far from being truly egalitarian, would consist of an alliance of state officers and private capitalists, supported by the labor of the masses. The whole system would amount to a new form of serfdom. This is what he meant by "the servile state."

The theory had a minor vogue: the Chesterton brothers took it up, and the Southern Agrarians, and men as different as F. A. von Hayek and George Orwell found it a good analysis of the economic roots of fascism.

Like Marx, Belloc made a prediction that proved partly true, but in the wrong places and for the wrong reasons. The states in which serfdom has reappeared are not capitalist, but Communist. There the masses labor for a small ruling class that decides the terms of their work and how its fruits shall be distributed. The new serfs have no unions, no appeal, no rights. They may be shot for trying to flee. If we fail to recognize this as slavery, it is because we think of slavery stereotypically, on older (and especially American) models. Nor have the masses been seduced. They are ruled by terror, the pivotal force of the twentieth century, as Belloc could hardly have foreseen in 1912.

The simplest test is this: are today's Englishmen serfs? England is a mess, all right, but not because labor is subjugated by the wealthy. Belloc made an interesting guess, and he had some reasons that must have appeared shrewd. But his whole theory and scheme are today merely a curiosity. They can be taken seriously only as clues to Belloc himself.

It is hard, now, to remember how much reverse utopianism there was among Catholic intellectuals until recently—until, to be precise, the last Council. Before that it was fairly common to find Catholic diatribes against the whole modern world, many of them prophesying (rather than rationally predicting) its doom. The avatars of modernity had an equally outspoken contempt for Catholicism, but Catholics, though on the defensive, could be proud of their antiquity and defiantly scornful of everything traceable to that great matrix of heresy, the Reformation.

But as the Church came to terms with modernity, those who assumed this attitude were left stranded. The change in the Church's attitude had on many of them the psychically traumatic effect of de-Stalinization on old-line Communists. It was as if the Church was admitting that the ancient enemies had been right after all.

The reaction of many Catholic intellectuals, especially in America, has been to join those old enemies, striking more-modern-than-thou postures and turning their contempt back on the Church itself—and particularly on its liberalizers. Modernized with a vengeance, they typically insist that the Church and the world are not modern *enough*. They have transferred their loyalty from an idealized past to an idealized future, while still debunking the present and its institutions with the cynical fury a Belloc applied to liberal England. Like him, they lean heavily on guilt and apocalypse, with somber Augustinian sound effects. (Aquinas, the moderate rationalist, is now Out.) The innocent cultural native is likely to feel that they are awfully hard to please; the real problem is that they are secretly refusing to be pleased. Graham Greene has said that he prefers the Soviet Union to the United States, because there, at least, people know the reality of Evil. So much for fatuous American optimism (silly Protestant trait). The dark knowledge of sin, good old sin, is still the cultural trump of the sour Catholic, his special sophistication, his inalienable form of superiority: "Idle, shallow things: I am not of your element."

Much of Belloc's career was a bitter polemic against the insufferable complacency of modern Protestant England. A born Catholic, he could never

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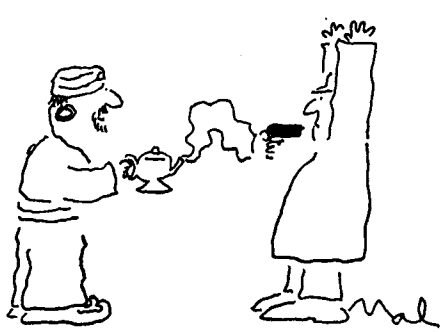
love and forgive it as the cheerful Chesterton, a born Unitarian, could and did. He left it nothing. He insisted that the great Shakespeare was at least virtually a Catholic; that the less great Milton, an overt Protestant and cultural hero, was a crypto-Unitarian and polygamist manqué. Parliamentary government was a fraudulent system of corrupt plutocracy. Protestantism itself, by isolating the individual soul, had shattered the corporate integrity of Christian society. Did England pride herself on never having had a French Revolution? Belloc retorted, in a bold transvaluation of values, that England was not civilized enough to have had it, not pure enough to appreciate the noble ideals of Rousseau. (He had also to explain, as he did, that those ideals were consonant with Catholicism.) Catholic France, home of his father, is forever putting England to shame in Belloc's writings —just as a small boy's father can always whip a rival boy's father. It is the kind of minority-grudge that used to lead beleaguered American blacks to damn this country while extolling ancestral Africa.

In 1912, when he published *The Servile State*, Belloc had just finished a short and frustrating term in Parliament. He played his ace: a cool, apparently analytical prediction that England, proud capital of modern civilization, was about to reintroduce the barbarism of slavery. By proposing his own remedy—distributive reform—he was able to seem at once apocalyptic and progressive. But he was really a vindictive reactionary, of the kind for whom wishful thinking takes the form of doomsaying. It was his friend Chesterton who observed that the radical is really a reactionary. The converse is true too, for both live in fantasies.

And still Belloc's fantasies are well worth reading. Every sentence of *The Servile State* proclaims a mind of purpose and utter self-possession. There are some books whose value has little to do with whether they are finally right or wrong: as Joyce said, the errors of genius are the portals of discovery. However perversely, Belloc was always thinking, and even his wildest errors are redeemed by the integrity of their conception. In him as in few authors, style itself becomes substance. □



Persona Non Grata: An Envoy in Castro's Cuba
By Jorge Edwards
Translated from the Spanish by Colin Harding
Pomerica Press, New York, 275 pp., $8.75

TO THE LENIN PARK

SELDEN RODMAN

To understand Communist Cuba—how it grew and what it has become—it is absolutely essential to understand the personality of Fidel Castro. The dictators of the other established Communist states, from Leonid Brezhnev on down, are not personalities at all, for if they were they could not survive in states that have become institutionalized and require managers, efficiency experts, to keep them going. No one could be less efficient than Fidel Castro, yet so completely has his eccentric, free-wheeling personality come to signify the Cuban Revolution for the lowliest of Cubans and to generate the adoration without which the Revolution's fearful economic sacrifices and political repressions would not be acceptable, that those who pay the bills in Moscow must tremble at the thought that something unforeseen might happen to this garrulous egocentric who sustains the illusion that freedom, progress, and abundance are just around the corner.

Who is capable of understanding such a man? Certainly not a Cuban, for there is no middle ground any longer between naïve allegiance and fear. Certainly not an American, to whom this quintessentially Latin phenomenon is an enigma. A genuine Marxist would have to be as outraged by this betrayal of rule by and for the working class, as a genuine conservative by the destruction of the free market, or a genuine democrat by the flouting of civil liberties and the secret ballot. Only a Latin liberal, sympathetic to the Cuban Revolution but courageous and honest enough to report exactly what he sees and hears, could comprehend Fidel Castro.

Jorge Edwards is that man. Born in a modest branch of one of Chile's most powerful conservative families, he entered the diplomatic service, wrote short stories and novels of Jamesian social penetration, became a close friend of Pablo Neruda without ever espousing the great poet's Communist politics. When Salvador Allende came to power, Edwards was charged with opening the first Latin American embassy in Havana. He had met Castro on an earlier visit and, like most Latin Americans, admired him for ending American domination of Cuba and for resisting the CIA's various attempts to overthrow him. At first Fidel welcomed him, but when he saw that Edwards couldn't be intimidated into betraying or even avoiding those Cuban friends who maintained a shred of critical independence, and that he reported conscientiously in his secret dispatches the intolerable surveillance of the ubiquitous secret police, Fidel demanded that Allende withdraw him.

THE FINAL confrontation between the furious dictator and the serene diplomat is a classic. Fidel can't understand why the revelation that he has sent Allende a full dossier on Edwards' activities doesn't shatter him. He tries another gambit. "I know Allende doesn't matter to you," he said, "but Neruda does. I'm going to denounce you to Neruda, then!" Edwards, who has already been told by Neruda that his one condition in accepting the ambassadorship to Paris was that he have Edwards as his assistant, smiles again —completely baffling his host, who has no conception of a civilized society's imperviousness to bullying. But this scene is only the last of many in which Edwards—without ever losing his temper, his wit, or his hope that this Stalinism is only a passing phase—exposes the reign of terror that is stifling the last vestiges of decency in Cuba.

The most unforgettable episode in the book, and perhaps the one that

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finally opened Edwards' eyes to what was happening, is the visit he made with the Prime Minister to the model insane asylum outside Havana: Lenin Park with its manicured lawns, modern cuisine, and even a floating theater on an artificial lake. "The grandiose scale typical of Fidel's projects was plain to see. While a park of six hundred hectares was being built on the outskirts of the city, the city itself was crumbling and falling to pieces . . . Later, in Paris, an intellectual to whom I recounted the story remarked that those madmen who alone had not cheered Fidel were the sane ones, while the people who applauded in the streets were really mad." □

FILM

INTERIÖRS

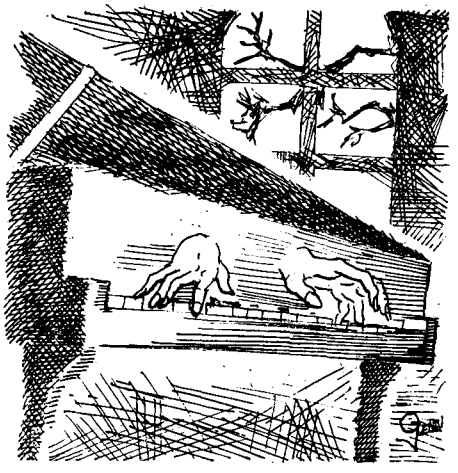
JOHN SIMON

It is sad to have to report that with *Autumn Sonata* Ingmar Bergman has made his third unsuccessful film in a row. Although it was again shot away from his homeland, the exteriors were done in neighboring Norway, the film's language is Swedish, and the cast comprises several Bergman regulars. Moreover, the plot, unlike that of *The Serpent's Egg*, returns us to familiar Bergman territory: love and hate within an intimate family group.

But this time it is the love-hate between a mother and daughter. Charlotte, a fairly important concert pianist, has always neglected or thwarted her two daughters; one of them, Eva, who has not seen her mother for seven years, has now invited her to her house. Eva, who has achieved a minuscule reputation as a writer, is married passionlessly but peacefully to a clergyman, Viktor; they have lost a beloved child, and so Eva sympathizes with her mother, whose lover and companion of many years, Leonardo, has just died. To the arriving Charlotte's horror, Eva is also sheltering in her house her sister Helena, slowly dying of some dreadful, unspecified disease that is causing her to lose her faculties one by one.

The ingredients of a television melodrama are clearly present, and though Bergman avoids the Scylla of sensationalism, he plummets into the Charybdis of talk, talk, talk unrelieved by power, poetry, or wit. The mother-daughter duologues are interrupted by occasional flashbacks, but these too are monumentally static and rather stagily directed; for once, Bergman's remarkable sense for making film out of potentially anti-cinematic material forsakes the director almost entirely. In such magnificent films as, say, *Winter Light*, *Persona*, and *The Passion of Anna*, Bergman could make emotional confrontations between a few closely related people—often no more than two—come as dramatically alive as anything ever put on screen. Here, somehow, words fail him; and, watching the film, I prayed fervently for Charlotte's often reiterated wish to take a walk to come true, and for scenery to come to the rescue. No such luck; the film remains trapped in unrelieved rooms and untranscended palaver.

Perhaps the problem is that Bergman's two great themes, on which he can play endless, brilliant variations—sex and faith—are almost wholly absent from this film. Leonardo is merely a shadowy background figure; Viktor



only a shadowy foreground one. Poor Helena adds little beyond some gratuitous shock value, and the all-consuming struggle between mother and daughter is perforce sexless. Religion makes a pallid appearance in Viktor, who, for all his religious contribution to the film, might as well be a furniture salesman. Near the end, Eva does soliloquize about her belief in her dead child's life beyond death, but even though the scene is set in a graveyard, its emotional impact is nil.

There are two scenes that work tidily. One has Charlotte ask Eva, a trifle patronizingly, to play some Chopin for her, which Eva timidly does; whereupon Charlotte sits down beside her, helpfully criticizes the rendition, and proceeds to demonstrate how the piece should have been played—only to shatter, without the slightest bad intention, Eva's self-confidence all over again. Another quite brief scene has Charlotte, unable to sleep without Leonardo's comforting closeness, go over the notebook in which her lover kept his accounts, and discover to her delight how much he has left her. It would have been easy to make Charlotte utterly unsympathetic in this scene, but the filmmaker, with exquisite artistry, keeps her pleasure human and likable.

A third, even briefer, sequence may be included among the picture's assets. It is a montage of shots of Charlotte's vigil by her dying lover's bedside in an Italian hospital. Through the mediation of Sven Nykvist's masterly camera, the changing light and colors express with reticent, wordless eloquence the pathos of mortality. For the rest, the film is so much tedious verbalizing barely stirred up by occasional outbursts of verbal violence that bring no more relief than a short thunderstorm does to a dry, hot summer. The words lack depth and impact. My Swedish literary friends have often assured me that Bergman's language is outmoded and even somewhat stilted; having no Swedish, I can only say that, in translation, the dialogue of the better Bergman films has always struck me as being among the best to be had on screen.

Perhaps an added problem is the lack of a significant background: the emotionally charged island scenery of so many Bergman films, the war-torn land- and city-scapes of *Shame* and *The Silence*, the austere church settings and disquieting northern climate of *Winter Light*. The four walls of *Autumn Sonata*, despite the musical title, do not supply the much-needed contrapuntal elements or harmonic development. To cap it all, the film does not know how to end; there are some four or five final scenes each of which is a coda, and each of which is only to be followed by another, and yet another, conflicting coda.

The acting is not without its surprises. Liv Ullmann, who even in such

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inferior Bergman works as *The Hour of the Wolf*, *Cries and Whispers*, and *Face to Face* could perform miracles with her marvelous performances, is downright unsubtle in portraying Eva's regressive awkwardnesses in the early encounters with Charlotte. Though it gets better as it goes along, the performance remains shadowed by the inauspicious beginnings. Conversely and unexpectedly, Ingrid Bergman (over whose performance Ingmar reportedly sweated blood, and with which he is said to remain deeply dissatisfied) gives a splendid enactment of the near-artist as a total bourgeoise full of characteristic middle-class strengths and failings that nevertheless catch us unawares. Only in the two scenes she plays in English is the actress, meant to be theatrical there, excessive in her disingenuous cheerfulness.

Lena Nyman, known to us virtually only from *I Am Curious (Yellow)*, is astonishingly controlled and effective in the role of the crippled, atrophying Helena, which might easily have become an embarrassment. To the thankless role of Viktor, Halvar Björk lends a kindly face and presence. Erland Josephson appears in an almost subliminal part, and Gunnar Björnstrand's cameo contribution as Charlotte's nonspeaking American agent (does he not speak for lack of English or because of some disease of the throat?) is scarcely more extensive. This may be an in-joke, for this *Variety*-reading agent is named Paul, and may be modeled on Bergman's American agent, Paul Kohner.

THERE MAY also be other motifs here with special autobiographical significance for Bergman. The director's father was a Lutheran minister like Viktor; a former Mrs. Bergman, Käbi Laretei, is a near-major concert pianist, who, as on previous occasions, supplies the piano music on the soundtrack. Eva's difficulties with her famous and often unavailable mother may resemble those of some of Ingmar's many children with their celebrated and otherwise occupied father. But, for once, the autobiography does not spread outward; the film remains acutely and aridly centripetal.

As others besides me have remarked, *Autumn Sonata*, with its ceaseless, undramatized exposition, displays embarrassing parallels to Woody Allen's unfortunate *Interiors*, even down to a glaring red dress that in both movies scores a facile effect. But red dress notwithstanding, when Viktor refers to the "grey film" that has settled on his and Eva's marriage, the reference might as well be to *Autumn Sonata* itself. □

ART

LA BELLE ORGIE

RUTH BERENSON

The orgy of revisionism which has recently been prompting museums here and abroad into reappraisals of such scorned, despised, and half-forgotten nineteenth century artists as Hans Makart, Wilhelm Bourgereau, Arnold Böcklin, and Pierre Puvis de Chavannes has led the Philadelphia Museum, in cooperation with the Musées de France, to resurrect *Art in France under Napoleon III*. Covering the years 1851 to 1871, an epoch which, until now, most art historians have blissfully ignored, this large and fascinating assemblage of architectural design, painting, sculpture, photography, and decorative arts will travel to the Detroit Art Institute (January 15 to March 18, 1979) and then to Paris; however, it bypasses New York.

Interestingly, the initiative for this enterprise came from the Philadelphians; according to Jean-Marie Moulin, chief curator of the Musée National de Compiègne and author of the catalogue introduction, "had it been proposed in France it would have had great difficulty seeing the light of day." M. Moulin attributes French apathy toward, not to say horror of, this period (which, in fact, included not only the last years of Ingres and Delacroix but the emergence of Courbet, Manet, and Impressionism) to the national humiliation endured at the hands of the Prussians in the War of 1870. Needing a scapegoat for this inglorious defeat, French historians held Napoleon III responsible, simultaneously consigning to oblivion everything associated with his regime, including its art. Even today, according to M. Moulin, those French scholars attempting to explore the rich production of those years "have felt the scorn (sometimes tinged with indulgence) that has surrounded the period. . . . Even a hundred years later, passions are still burning."

This explanation for French neglect of the period seems rather one-sided, another way of putting the blame on Napoleon III rather than, as seems more reasonable, the change of taste that by the late 1870s had relegated to the dustbin not only the art of the Third Empire but its counterparts in Victorian England, pre-Bismarckian Germany, and post-Civil War America. It has taken more than a century for the pendulum to swing back and for tastes to change once again—which is why the revisionists are prospering.

The period is full of paradoxes. It witnessed numerous innovations, chief among them Baron Haussmann's destruction of medieval Paris to create today's Ville Lumière, and, on the other side, Viollet-le-Duc's ruinous, if painstaking, restoration of medieval monuments like Pierrefonds, Carcassonne, and Notre Dame de Paris in the name of historical authenticity; it also produced Labrouste's innovative structural use of cast iron in the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, the rationale for which was provided by the writings of that same Viollet-le-Duc. No one then saw contradictions either here or in the use of machines to fashion precious objects in the styles of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the eighteenth century—for since machines were precise, their flawless products were superior and, of course, cheaper than those of the handworker. This represented Progress, a goal originating in the Enlightenment but a guiding light to the Third Empire, the avowed aim of politics, technology, even literature and the arts. Its steady forward march was attested to by the Expositions Universelles of 1855 and 1867, the latter attracting 11 million visitors to Paris.

THOUGH HARD for us to accept, the rampant eclecticism and plethora of ornament in the Philadelphia show appealed to the bourgeois taste of the time, which was shared by the imperial family. Much of the furniture, porcelain, silver, wallpaper, and jewelry seem overrich, rather like the multicourse repasts of Escoffier, himself a product of this era. Typical is one of the stranger exhibits, the rattle presented to the baby Prince Imperial by the Minister of State, ornamented with the imperial

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crown, Napoleonic bees, profile portraits of his parents, and an engraved Pisces (the boy's Zodiac sign), all worked in gold, diamonds, emeralds, and coral, and supported by two caryatids of aluminum, which had been discovered in 1827 but was still so expensive it ranked as a precious metal. Still, the labored frivolity of such an object is counter-balanced by the tufted upholstered chairs and sofas—*confortables*, as they were appropriately named—which came into general use during these years.

So did photography, a highlight of this show and perhaps the most characteristic, certainly one of the most popular, arts of the time, even though it was born only 12 years earlier. Photographers like Nadar exhibited regularly at the Salon and were patronized by many people, including the Emperor and Empress, who were quick to realize the publicity value of posing. Delacroix and Courbet both sought out photographs, mainly of nudes, to work from, and portraitists advertised *photo-peintures*, enlarged images printed on canvas and over-painted, the likeness thus assured. Equally faithful busts and statuettes could be made in stearite plaster by *photo-sculpture*, a process praised by Théophile Gautier because "it accepts nature and fashion as they are."

As the exhibition demonstrates, this was the basic aim of photography, but not of painting or sculpture, which mainly continued to reflect the classicism-romanticism controversy of the century's earlier years. Courbet's *Woman with a Parrot*, seen here alongside nudes by Ingres, Henner, Cabanel, and Delacroix, does not look at all out of place; on the contrary, it is so traditional that it reminds us that this artist, for all his talent and his brave talk of realism, was less of an innovator than is usually thought, or than he himself believed. Even his use of work-worn peasants as subject-matter was paralleled by Millet, whose *Sower* created as much of a sensation at the 1850-51 Salon as *The Stone Breakers*, now lost but immortalized in most art histories as the archetypal realist picture.

In the selection of work by Manet, Monet, Renoir, Degas, and Rodin it is equally hard to detect the germs of revolution; these early efforts are fine but contain few hints of what was to come. Doubtless they were chosen to make precisely this point: that artists of the Third Empire, the so-called traditionalists and academics along with the so-called progressives, had more in common with one another than conventional art history has assumed. The organizers of this exhibition have also proved that so far as nineteenth century art is concerned, revisionism is not a dirty word but a rewarding process. □

ON THE TOWN

THE SINATRA LINE

DAVID EVANIER

It is seven in the morning. I am standing in the line at Radio City Music Hall, waiting for the box office to open at ten. The day before, Jonathan Schwartz announced on his Sunday morning radio program on WNEW that Frank Sinatra would appear beginning October 14 for a week's run. I sprang out of bed at five, shot through Central Park with a fiery look in my eyes, joggers staring at me. Sinatra in the autumn, in New York.

Never mind. If you don't understand, I can't explain.

"Jonathan has a new girl," I hear on the line. I turn and say, "Yes, what's her name?" "I don't know." I continue: "I could tell when he ended his Tony Bennett interview by telling Tony he was going to play a song of his that had particular meaning for him at this moment in his life . . ."

"Maybe This Time," announces a teenager in a raincoat. He sings the lyric: "Not a loser anymore . . . like the last time and the time before . . ."

I sing: "Mister Peaceful, Mister Happy, that's what I want to be . . ."

This line is young and middle-aged, odd and ordinary. Most of them are buying tickets for at least two separate nights. A young fellow with a guitar says to a girl with a crewcut: "When I was starting high school, a Sinatra fan had to stay in the closet. They wouldn't talk to you. Now it's more common. You don't have to be afraid . . ."

"The dope phase is ending; people listen more," the girl says. "What's your first name?"

The boy plays Sinatra recordings on a cassette.

Suddenly an old man in sneakers, tee shirt, beret, and beard has become the center of attention. He is standing beside the line answering questions: "Look, the man is 62 years old, right? Obviously he'll get worse every night, right? That's a fact of life. . . ."

"Who *is* that shmuck?" says an irate fat lady behind me.

We all talk about Sinatra bombing on the second night of his Madison Square Garden comeback concert in 1974. We all know he was fine the first night, and had sung himself out. We had all been to both concerts.

"As Jonathan said yesterday morning, 'He's quite invigorating for a geriatric.' "

Laughter along the line. "Did he say that?"

Jonathan Schwartz is the best disc jockey in New York. He has the quietest voice in radio. He is a literary fellow, who recently prefaced an account of playing a softball game in Sag Harbor by recalling the title of a John Updike story: "The Happiest I've Been." He said, "I remember distinctly thinking to myself: this is the happiest I've been." He gives notable, if snotty, reviews of new books he likes: John Irving's *The World According to Garp*. More importantly, he recalls books that have met with undeserved oblivion: *Thumb Tripping* by Don Mitchell, which he called the best novel about the drugged Sixties. He is alone in New York radio in regularly playing Duke Ellington, Erroll Garner, Judy Garland, Mel Torme, Louis Armstrong, Tony Bennett, Fats Waller, Nancy Wilson, Art Tatum, Dinah Washington, Irene Kral, Billie Holliday, Miles Davis, Fred Astaire, Joe Williams, Count Basie, and Peggy Lee.

But most of all, Jonathan plays Sinatra, gossips about and criticizes Sinatra, knows the exact date when each record was made, and has a thorough and profound appreciation of him. He praises the phrasing and the breathing—but he also talks about the sadness, the depth, the romance and passion, and the ebullience. He plays many extraordinary unreleased Sinatra records and tapes, including those of recent performances at Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe. Sinatra fan clubs object to some of these tapes,

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which reveal Sinatra's ebbing powers (a 3 A.M. rendition of "I'll Never Smile Again," Sinatra tired and scratchy and old—but passionate and riveting). Jonathan also refers to Sinatra's "talk garbage"—the line of patter between songs on stage. And Jonathan likes the sad songs, the songs about being single and alone. For Jonathan, at forty, is a single man. He is also a short story writer, and is about to publish his first novel. He has his ups and downs, particularly noticeable during what he called "The Fresca Hour"—a period in the evening program (recently discontinued) when he occasionally became depressed. In one nightmare he recounted (he shares dreams and fantasies), an elevator opened into a non-existent floor and he found himself at a party honoring Herbert Mitgang of the *New York Times* for receiving the Pulitzer Prize for an obscure novel written long ago. He has stacks and stacks of remaindered copies of the novel beside him. He offers one to Jonathan. The other guests include such figures as Vivian Gornick, who in the nightmare insists that Jonathan address her only as "Ms."—just "Ms.," no name.

LIKE JONATHAN, the main reason I like Sinatra is that he makes me feel good. He makes me listen to lyrics; he imparts freshness to them, no matter how banal they are. He has an infectious happiness ineradicable on record that seems not brash but simply a capturing of moments when life is within our grip. As to the sad songs—Ray Charles has it over him, but that to me is saying quite a lot.

"That stuff about Jonathan being alone in the desert," a boy wearing a cowboy hat is saying on the line. "You know what desert he's talking about? Palm Springs! And you know who lives in Palm Springs!"

"What's your opinion?" a chubby fellow who has made himself a fan of mine interjects. "The first ten rows? Would he sing best on opening night? Should I take my mother-in-law for her birthday? What's your opinion of Elvis? Shirley Bassey? Tom Jones?"

"No, no," I say, trying to get back to the other conversations going on around me.

"I'll say one thing about Jonathan," a student with a Rilke book in his hand says to us. "If you listen to him for a

period of time, you'll get a fairly solid musical education."

They talk about Jonathan's Sunday morning routine of buying a Nedick's frankfurter and orange drink for nostalgic reasons at Times Square, buying the *Boston Globe*, *Variety*, and *Billboard*, and wending his way down Broadway to the radio station. They talk of his love for the Boston Red Sox, his playing softball in Central Park, his enthusiasm for New York, the new singing career he has inaugurated with a nightclub act and a record (and a voice patterned after Sinatra), his close and affectionate relationship with his father, composer Arthur Schwartz.

I learn on the line where Jonathan gets many of his rare Sinatra records: from a little record store on Seventh Avenue called the Record Exchange. "I went in there," the girl with the crewcut said, "and in came Jonathan. He thought he knew me, but I knew him. I've been listening to him for 11 years. He went through a bad phase. He was a little crazy, on dope, when he was on FM. Particularly when his wife and he split up. His wife wrote about him in her book."

This is new to me. I turn all the way around, elbowing the chubby fellow who by now is shouting at me: "BARRY MANILOW? DON'T YOU THINK HE HAS A GIFT FOR RHYTHM?" I ask the girl, "What book?"

She tells me the book's name. "You never heard of it?" she asks ten of us. "His ex-wife says things like: 'I liked the Stones; he liked Sinatra. I liked pot; he liked scotch.' She got into the women's movement and Eastern religion. She says she would go to bed with him and insist that they discuss sharing the dishwashing. She says for some reason Jonathan didn't seem interested in her after the discussion. When she announced she wanted to have a baby, she says, Jonathan played the Sinatra record of the 'Soliloquy' from *Carousel* over and over again and decided he was happy about it.

"Anyway, I can tell Jonathan's very happy now. I'm glad for him. But I suspect he can be a real pain. Can you imagine Jonathan interviewing Sinatra, with those intimate questions of his? Sinatra would say to one of his pals, 'Get him outta here.' "

We get our tickets. The line disbands.

Later in the week, I try to get back the feeling of that morning. I rush down Broadway in search of the Record Exchange, a hole in the wall. I ask for Sinatra records. I tell the owner I heard of his store on the Sinatra line. He is an Italian fellow in his thirties. He pounces happily.

"Listen!" he says. He has made his own recording of an unreleased Sinatra tape of "The Man with the Golden Arm." He is selling it for ten dollars. As the record plays, he holds a dish of potato chips in one hand, and conducts with the other.

When the record is over, he leans down and whispers in my ear:

"*Jonathan doesn't have that.*" □

The GIMLET EYE

THE ROCKY HORROR CULT

D. KEITH MANO

They've written CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING across my head. The old cerebral meninx is inflamed: hot bulbs roach-race around it, a 1930 art-deco movie marquee. I'm bricked out. The clocking on one sock is 15 minutes fast. Some Bulgarian has potshot my thigh with a poison umbrella pellet: fever, man: it's hyperpyrexia time in Synapse City. I'm about to whelp out large sociocultural generalizations: upstream like a lady sockeye salmon, half-drowned in loose scales and her own ungrateful, turgid spawn.

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See, I'd been shut out three weekends straight at The Itch, a movie dosshouse in Long Island City, Queens. In *Long Island City*: people don't even *live* in Long Island City. In LIC entertainment is two Con Ed men and a backhoe. But *The Rocky Horror Show* would be SRO wherever it ran (Fri., Sat., at midnight only). In Pittsburgh, in Cleveland, suburbs of Queens, like that. And in downtown Manhattan: everywhere. The film can't be blamed for it's success. *Rocky Horror* is infantile paralysis grown up: transvestitism, Oldenburg weird sets, satire on Warhol's *Frankenstein*, some soft rock clamoring. Sort of film that's accessory to the secret medicine chest. Seen best with a happy-honk swab up your nose.

At 11 P.M., one hour before curtain, the line has already elled itself off Queens Boulevard, north-northwestward, nowhere. About three dozen or so, veterans of this long-run engagement, are grunting into costume: boys with Dr. Frank N. Furter pantyhose and bra-corset, whiteface and lipstick; girls with same. A baldhead skullcap wig for those who will play Riffraff; eyeshadow and motorcycle grease for the Meatloaves. Each has chosen to typecast him/herself in a single role: they can mime and dub every phoneme, gesture, eyebrow hitch-up. Practice makes perfervid: your pro has seen the film fifty to one hundred times. Flashlighting is in every pocket. As the film 35 mm's above, with a Duracell double D spot on them, they will duplicate—some with superb tracery—even ten- or fifteen-person dance numbers across a small stage in front of Row A. I have never seen anything like this: the why of it saps me out. Few are older than 16. *Rocky Horror* is rated R, "Under 17 requires accompanying parent or adult guardian." That must be me.

"Most of us have something to do with show business in the back of our minds," one Dr. Frank N. Furter (female) will tell me. "This is part of the movie now: they come half to see us, half to see the film. We're trying to be professional about it. It's a way to get started." And another Dr. F. (male):

"I'm from Great Neck. Last week I did this thing in a Bayside theater and I was the only guy there playing Frank N. Furter. Tonight I met some people who said they saw the show in Bayside, and if they hadn't seen me there they wouldn't have come to see it tonight."

And the audience, four hundred or so, has a demanding role, too. Chorus. There are at least fifty dialogue inserts. No one is sure how or why they originated: some say out of a folkloric accretion; some say out of sly hype propaganda by the *Rocky Horror* promo staff. (*Rocky Horror* folded like a Chinese screen when it came out several years ago.) Of the four hundred maybe one-fifth are line-perfect. Their loud answering-back is largely ribald: the audience more R-rated than the film. For instance: Brad ("a hero") will intone, "Janet, dear, you know what I want?" And one hundred people shout—all-together-now—"I want you to sit on my face!" This interaction is not merely verbal. During the marriage scene I am pelted with rice. At one point Dr. F will propose a toast and, yes—fifteen or twenty pieces of cold toast card-flip through the projector beam. Brad: "Great Scott!" Yes, again—fifteen or twenty rolls of toilet paper (Scott tissue one would suppose) serpent out in a New Year's Eve unraveling. All good-natured; even orderly in its way. Inch-deep bread-rice-paper detritus is left underfoot. But at $3 per head (and several score heads turned away) The Itch can afford an extra maintenance person.

Oh, and I forgot. The repeated theme.

Cheerleader: "What do we say?"

"Disco sucks!"

Word-time is running down. I give you seven quick generalizations. All authoritative: so listen.

1. The Rocky Horror Cult is instructive. More than instructive: a synecdoche for aesthetic trends that have been in the brooder house since God knew when.

2. They're right: disco sucks. Even a kid of 15 can perceive that disco is elitist, pretentious, and stupid.

3. Since Presley (since Sinatra—hell, since Demosthenes) audience has been a crucial adjunct to the Person Cult. Watch any Rolling Stone film; or *Woodstock Nation*. Half the camera shots are of people: of reaction, not of performance.

4. Audiences are on strike. They've made Cult People; now they want a blood percentage. Disco is that: audience-as-star. Not just Bianca Jagger boogying with Sly Stallone at Studio 54; or some ass on roller skates in green body paint who has become a disco "character." Middle class Saturday nights of fever, too. Note: the music—the cult performer—is on tape: canned in both senses of that word. Once sold by audience appeal, he or she or they have been cut cold. Every musicians' union is aware of this. Live shows are getting the gate: not the gate receipt. It has them fluting scared.

5. But the Rocky Horror Cult has taken all this a hustle step further than that. Audience response is cathartic: a Pancho Villa insurrection against the passive media—TV and film. There isn't one of us who hasn't wanted to rank our Eric Severeid or Howard Cosell. And the obscenity is innocent, healthful. TV in particular leeches on subvocal/subvisual sex. Dialogue will titillate by innuendo. The Rocky Cult children deflate this hypocritical "self-censorship." You could interject, "Sit on my face" over and over again during any segment of *Charlie's Angels*. The cheap, eunuchoid sexual tension is there: teased up. It almost needs to be said: a release.

6. Rocky Horror Cultists, though they assert great fondness for the film, are in head-on, voice-on competition with it. Disco doesn't do that: disco will subsume the cult figure, drown him out. A disco dancer is alone: arrogant and self-involved. Rocky Horror kids attempt professionalism: at the large risk of foolishness. Yet, when a really fine Dr. Frank N. Furter singalike stood in his small flashlit pool, well, I found myself watching him, not the film. It was a valid performance. Who, you could justifiably ask, is lip-syncing whom?

7. Transvestitism, whatever: *Rocky Horror*, as film, has frail significance. Like Shiloh or Antietam, it's a place where forces met: convenient but adventitious. What we do get, though, is a brighter definition of the relationship between audience and performer. It began with one word: "groupie." "Groupie" suggests an intimateness that the older word "fan" never had: I-am-of-these-people. Groupies make a hard commitment: almost familial. They assume imitative lifestyles: clothing, make-up, morality, you-name-it. But this, after all, is a thankless aphid-dependent connection. And stars—film or TV stars especially—are distant,

(Continues on page 1496)

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IN THE beginning, according to Robert Jastrow, there was a big explosion. The author of *God and the Astronomers* (Norton; $7.95), director of NASA's Institute for Space Studies, assembles the data proving the universe was created all at once at a given point in time, rather than having existed unaltered through eternity. The theological/metaphysical point of which is that, if the universe was created, it must have had a Creator.

In this popularized and handsomely illustrated discussion, Jastrow cites evidence concerning the after-effects of radiation which suggests that the universe was originally very hot and subsequently cooled down; the fact that the cosmos is continuously expanding; and the fact that the rate of expansion was more rapid in the past than it is at present, in obedience to the laws of entropy. All these elements suggest an original, convulsive act of creation at a remote but quite specific moment.

Despite these data, many scientists have refused to accept the "big bang" theory, or have done so only reluctantly. Part of the reason, Jastrow observes, is that the idea of creation offends against the religion of science: "This religious faith of the scientist is violated by the discovery that the world had a beginning under conditions in which the known laws of physics are not valid, and as a product of forces or circumstances we cannot discover."

The hostility of the modern mind-set to the idea of a created universe extends, of course, to other aspects of Biblical teaching. The nature of this mentality as it affects the political order is explored by attorney John Whitehead in *The Separation Illusion* (Mott Media, Box 236, Milford, Michigan 48042; $4.25). A Reformed Christian in the tradition of Cornelius Van Til, Francis Schaeffer, and R. J. Rushdoony (who contributes an introduction to the volume), Whitehead examines and refutes the idea that there is, or should be, a "wall of separation" between our religious beliefs and civil institutions.

Reviewing the origins of the federal Constitution and Bill of Rights, the author shows that the Founding Fathers did not intend to "disestablish" the Christian religion from our public life, and would in fact have been horrified by such a suggestion. At least eight of the 13 original states had their own established churches, and religious tests for public office were widespread throughout the infant republic. The point of the First Amendment prohibition against a *congressional* law "respecting an establishment of religion" was to ensure that the newly established central government would not interfere with the religious prerogatives of the states.

SUPREME COURT rulings on prayer in the schools and related matters have effectively stood this doctrine on its head, in the interest of providing us with schools that are officially value-free and subservient to the secular power. Where education of this sort must eventually lead is suggested by John Le Boutillier in *Harvard Hates America* (Gateway, 120 W. LaSalle St., South Bend, Indiana 46601; $7.95), a title that only slightly exaggerates the contents. The book is the intellectual autobiography of a young man who has packed a great deal of thought and experience into his 25 years—including successful service as finance chairman for Leo Thorsness' campaign against George McGovern in 1974.

Le Boutillier is a lively writer, and many of his ideas about political issues are provocative. By far the best part of the book, however, is the section dealing with the vapidity and malice that pass for higher education at Harvard: the history professor who babbles Marxist drivel; the roommate who is totally zonked on drugs; the mindless robots fawning over Daniel Ellsberg, Russell Means, and other icons of the counter-culture. If there were any doubt remaining that liberal education in the United States has reached the end of its tether, this book resolves it. □

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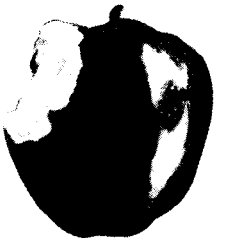

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MARTIN

(Continued from page 1484)

they had, they would not have been very surprised or puzzled by his papal policy. Likewise, in the case of Karol Wojtyla, we cannot await the implementation of his policy as if he were an Italian or the product of the Western European mentality, cultural or ecclesiastical. We must not be surprised to learn over a period of time that for him the Christianity of Western Europe and the Americas is a pale, decadent image of what it should be, destined to crumble and die, and to be replaced by new forms of practice and new formulations of the age-old beliefs which nurtured Christianity from the time of the Emperor Constantine.

Surprises that will be far more disturbing to many are likely to occur in the field of international politics and diplomacy. Everything in Wojtyla's background and mentality points up his conviction that the only way Marxism and materialism can be defeated is through the form of Catholicism and of Christianity which has successfully flourished behind the Iron Curtain, and specifically in Communist Poland. Given the total lack of American leadership, as Europeans today see it, and given Wojtyla's deftness in dealing with the Stalinist mind, we can look forward—with trepidation or enthusiasm—to a time in the near future when a change of policy may well be forced on both the USSR and the U.S.A. by the Polish clergyman now become Bishop of Rome. □

MANO

(Continued from page 1494)

vainglorious (though they, in turn, have inescapable symbiotic dependence). The Rocky Horror Cult foretells a new art coming: or a renegotiation of terms anyhow. Public access TV and call-in radio have already conceded it. Audiences want more credit, input: equal billing at least. Or else they'll go into open competition: a corporate mass cult star.

8. (Optional.) I meant to end with 7, but I'll deal you a generalization more. How much of all this is due the void left by Vietnam/Watergate crowd confrontation: and myths from that time? Chicago '68 was a performance certainly. Sam Brown had his groupie crew. Anyone could get on TV then. It was *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*: or *The Gong Show* at least. □

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

DOING GOOD: *The Limits of Benevolence, by David Rothman, et al. (Pantheon, 171 pp., $8.95).* The four essayists in this small but instructive book are looking very hard for a culprit. Unlike the naïve idealists of an earlier day, these writers *know* that something is amiss; they know that government power, used by liberals to implement their compassion, is more exploitative than caring. That the authors fail in the end to acknowledge the true villain only proves that no sheriff ever arrested himself. Dr. Willard Gaylin, a psychiatrist who can write, almost crosses the boundary of self-recognition: "Man is not, technically speaking, an individual; a social structure is a part of his biology and a necessary part of his functioning: we are a social animal not by election but by nature." Gaylin criticizes the "concept of individualism," which would emasculate man by stripping him of social supports—family, church, neighborhood, private organizations—leaving him in what Peter Berger has called an "anomic precariousness." The liberals then compound the error by introducing government as the new parent and the only religion. Gaylin is onto something here. David Rothman and Steven Marcus pick up Gaylin's trail in the middle essays with two historical vignettes. The failures of the British Poor Laws and of U.S. Progressivism are demonstrable, yet neither writer will conclude that perhaps it is liberalism itself which was to blame; Rothman traces Progressivism's failure to the functionaries—the nurses, bureaucrats, and teachers—which is like holding G. Gordon Liddy responsible for Watergate. Ira Glasser's concluding polemic is more insulting than disappointing. Executive Director of the New York branch of the ACLU, Glasser speaks the language of rights, cold and raw in its Hobbesian tone. To a victim of government's depredations, Glasser would grant a lawyer and some cash to pay the legal fees. His programmatic solutions are trivial compared to the sincere concerns of the other three writers and to the genuine danger presented by the state as paternal benefactor. Glasser's ideology is the real culprit.

PAUL GIGOT

STRYKER, *by Chuck Scarborough (Macmillan, 280 pp., $8.95).* NBC New York anchorman Chuck Scarborough, a four-time local Emmy winner, has found time in between reading the news to Gotham to write a sly, chilling novel about politics and television and the connecting links between them. Ben Stryker, a Dan Ratherish character who went one step too far and swore at President Nixon one trying afternoon is pulled off the White House beat and assigned to blood-and-guts cases in New York. His loathing of Nixon jibes nicely with his boss's (the Chairman's) loathing of Agnew, who (it will be remembered by antiquarians) dared nine years ago to initiate an assault on the power of the television networks. Stryker's progressive decline into monomania works beautifully to satisfy the desires of his employers, and in this wonderfully cynical novel the intertwining conspiracies serve perfectly to explain Nixon's bizarre behavior after the Watergate revelations began to undo his Presidency. Scarborough has tossed in a little sadistic sex, a dollop of more conventional coupling, and a minor peek into one subsidiary character's sexual closet, and some of this actually serves to advance the plot. Most of it, however, is gratuitous, and unsavory as well. But the central theme is intriguing; Scarborough's writing is many, many cuts above what the man is obliged to read at New Yorkers nightly from the tube; and this first novel demonstrates an ability that will serve the author well when and if he, like his protagonist, is no longer useful to the sachems of his industry.

DAVID BRUDNOY

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Australian Blues

On The Right

Canberra, Australia, Oct. 28—In the event you have not noticed, it is hard to extract from chiefs of state muscular replies to sensitive questions. It was widely reported in the press last May that Vice President Walter Mondale, while visiting in Canberra with the Prime Minister, Mr. Malcolm Fraser, had an unproductive session on the mononucleosis of the U.S. dollar. Australia's concern for the value of the dollar is not entirely sentimental. The Australian dollar is, loosely speaking, "pegged" to the U.S. dollar. In an age when currencies are permitted to float, this does not mean that the U.S. dollar and the Australian dollar will remain constant in their relative value. But inasmuch as Australian business is done by using U.S. dollars as the standard of exchange, a depreciation in the dollar means a real diminution in the value earned by Australian exports. In that sense the currencies are interlocked, and, the morning after President Carter's anti-inflation speech, a leading newspaper in Sydney suggested that the time had come to explore means of distancing the two currencies from one another. So that, a few hours later, it seemed relevant to ask the Prime Minister whether it was true that, in his talks with the Vice President of the United States, they had reached an impasse.

To such questions one does not get direct answers; requiring, therefore, that the interrogator take the burden of interpreting the response. The answer is: No, the government of Australia is not impressed by Mr. Carter's anti-inflation campaign. In this reaction Australia is hardly being cranky. The reaction of the professional moneymen, who drove down yet another humiliating peg the value of the dollar, was pretty much the same.

Malcolm Fraser, as Prime Minister of Australia, isn't about to say that he foresaw the continuing decline of the dollar, or that he is disappointed by President Carter's anti-inflation message—which is the most labyrinthine thing to come along since President Carter's energy bill, and as likely to be effective. What the Prime Minister of Australia will do is—look about; see what are the alternative arrangements, if any. Because he became Prime Minister with the unambiguous mandate of serving the best interests of Australia, not those of the United States.

Mr. Fraser came to power on the heels of the most disastrous political episode in recent Australian history, namely the short unhappy reign of Mr. Gough Whitlam. When Fraser came to power, inflation had reached 17 per cent. Fraser has cut that nearly in half by his austerity measures. He has a good way to go, and it will be difficult to go much further because he is saddled by some of the institutionalized profligacies of the Whitlam government, which are not easily repealed. Already he suffers at the polls for his economic rectitude. But he declines to criticize President Carter. How much easier to say—as he did—that it would be "impudent" for him to instruct the U.S. Government on how to write its economic policies.

The recent political history of Australia is a real thriller. "We haven't," as a professor of philosophy said absent-mindedly, "really *had* much political history. So what happened in 1975 is the big drama of the century." It was only in this century—in 1901—that Australia became a federated state. There are people alive in Australia who are, so to speak, older than Australia. What happened in 1975 was the extraordinary animation of a sleepy mechanism tying Australia ritually to Mother England—the result of which was a convulsive change in government.

There is a thing here called the Governor General. He is appointed by the Queen, and is her representative. He is, though, whoever the Prime Minister tells the Queen to appoint. Charlie McCarthy was never planned to be less completely the creature of Edgar Bergen than Sir John Kerr the creature of Gough Whitlam. But the Governor General has formal latent powers, and at 1:10 P.M. on November 11, 1975, he used those powers to dismiss Whitlam and appoint Fraser as Prime Minister. Hours later, the Parliament voted No Confidence in Fraser, and Kerr dissolved the Parliament. At the election one month later, the voters brought Fraser's government in by a landslide, retroactively validating the judgment of the Governor General, whose audacity had not been seen in the Commonwealth since William IV fired Lord Melbourne. But Malcolm Fraser, having now won two elections, does not slink about like a constitutional bastard. He does, though, worry about the U.S. dollar. Discreetly. □

AUSTRALIAN FRETFULNESS *Sydney, Australia*, Oct. 30—The leader of the Labor opposition party in Australia is William Hayden, but the leader most frequently referred to as "the other Prime Minister" is not even a member of Parliament. He is Robert Hawke, the highly ideologized, militant, and eloquent president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions (ACTU) which delivers only about two-thirds of its constituents to the Labor Party, the balance going to the Liberal Party, which, like Labor, gets about 40 per cent of the vote but which forms a coalition with the Country Party (representing rural interests) in order to govern. Although re-elected as recently as a year ago, the governing party is down in the polls, owing in part to certain austerity measures, but owing also to a certain fitfulness in the national temper.

There is, for one thing, the ambivalence about America. During the earlier days of the Vietnam War, most Australians did back their country's participation in Vietnam, but even as the capitulationists in the U.S. grew in strength, so did they in Australia; and, with the election of Labor's Gough Whitlam in 1972, not only did Australia pull out, but it was generally agreed in centers of culture that it had all been a dreadful mistake. SEATO, of course, was rescinded. But ANZUS, binding New Zealand, the United States, and Australia in a mutual defense treaty, survives, and it is a source of frustration particularly to the Australian Left that, Great Britain having retreated from east of Suez, there is nobody around to protect Australia except the United States.

Just last week there was a considerable flurry in the volatile Australian press on the question whether Carter's proposed pact with the Soviet Union to keep nuclear-powered vessels out of the Indian Ocean might not be interpreted as releasing the United States of its obligations toward western Australia, inasmuch as the ANZUS pact speaks of the "Pacific," not the "Indian," Ocean. While serving as am-

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bassador to India, Patrick Moynihan suggested that the impasse over a U.S. naval base in the Indian Ocean's Diego Garcia be resolved by the simple expedient of renaming the Indian Ocean, a suggestion greeted about as warmly as the young White House executive's suggestion, having been instructed in 1947 to calculate the cost of renaming the Boulder Dam the Hoover Dam, that it would be cheaper to persuade the old man to change his name to Herbert C. Boulder.

But by such symbols are whole peoples aggravated. One of the persistent rumors in Australia is that the deposing of Gough Whitlam by the Governor General, Sir. John Kerr, in 1975 was—a CIA operation. Robert Hawke played lasciviously with this theme on a television program. The CIA, you see, has a facility in Central Australia linking up its worldwide Omega system, which serves up to our satellites in the skies the coordinates necessary to keep them on course so that they can do their duty and inform us if our friends at the other end of detente should decide to send over a nuclear missile. Inasmuch as Whitlam—though he never tired of saying Yankee-Go-Home in behalf of Southeast Asians—never quite got around to suggesting that Australia should be inhospitable to such intelligence operations it is inconceivable that the CIA, assuming that it had leverage over Sir John Kerr, would have used it. "Why," said the young reporter at a press conference, in much the same accents she'd have used to ask why I had joined the Ku Klux Klan, "did you join the CIA?" "Because I am a patriot," I replied, trying as best I could to sound like Victor McLaughlin answering the question why he had served in the Bengal Lancers.

NOTWITHSTANDING the Australians' natural hospitality, the emanations of anti-Americanism are noticeable to a visiting American. Writing in the principal Australian weekly, *The Bulletin*, about an American movie on sadism in a Turkish prison, the critic suddenly ends the review by writing, "Actually it all rather backfires and becomes yet another indictment of America, not Turkey—a country which, despite its plumbing problems, has through its long history contributed more truth and beauty to world civilization than the U.S. ever has or conceivably will."

Gee whiz! But we must hope that what there is of Australian civilization will be protected by whatever there is of American civilization, as necessary. Although isolated, in an eerie sense Australia is being crowded by the great explosions of technological and human forces in the northern latitudes. Australia has 13 million people. By that number, the population of India increased last year. □

AUSTRALIAN COUNTER-FORCE

Sydney, Australia, Oct. 31—It is a monthly dinner, held in the cellar of a little commercial building where one of the members undertakes, it being his/her turn, to cater. There is minor vexation, as the 15 or so member-guests gather, because the proprietors forgot to provide the pots and pans. But it requires more than that to damp the spirit of the men and women associated with *Quadrant*, who are the intellectual spark of the anti-Communist movement in Australia. The godfather is Richard Krygier, a Polish Jew who fled Hitler in the late Thirties and, along the way, ceased to distinguish between totalitarian systems, according them, in his happy but determined way, an undifferentiated hostility.

There is a professor of philosophy from the University of Sydney, whose department split in two during the crazy years because the Marxists wanted their own department, the better to teach philosophy to Australian youth. There are three or four journalists: street-wise, professional—survivors; they make their living in the sensationalist press of Australia, and, at night, they mostly read. And a poet, literary editor of *Quadrant*, whose title page announces in fine print: "Minimum payments to contributors: articles or stories—$10 for 1,000 words; verse—$10."

The current issue of *Quadrant* is the single most liberating issue of any magazine I can remember reading (Box C334, Clarence Street Post Office, Sydney, Australia, $2). Australia—like the United States, only more so—is deep-down troubled by the question of human rights in Communist China. The huge class of Sinophiles in the Pacific area are struggling mightily to make disappear the question of human rights by a number of devices familiar to Americans, ranging from *a*) there is no real proof that human rights are not respected in China, to *z*) human-rights-aren't-really-Chinese, don't y'know. The Contemporary China Center of the Research School of Pacific Studies at the Australian National University recently sponsored an inquiry into the subject, and one Dr. Stephen Fitzgerald read the primary paper, called "Human Rights and the People's Republic of China." "The first point is that the assumption of a 'human rights problem' in China stems, in part, as much from convictions as from evidence. This is the tendency to the belief that in any country which is Communist, authoritarian, autocratic, totalitarian, or whatever the Chinese system is called in the West, there is by definition infringement and suppression of human rights." As God is my witness I read, even after coming across that sentence, every word of the 23-page paper.

The *Quadrant* people invited Visiting Professor Simon Leys, who is at the University of Canberra, to organize a full-scale reply, occupying the entire September issue. Simon Leys is the Belgian art historian who spent years before and after the Cultural Revolution in China, and wrote one of the most moving jeremiads of the century, *Chinese Shadows*.

Leys assembled a battery of men and women, most of them professors, all of them indisputably competent, several of them in-the-field observers of Chinese life. Donald Zagoria of Hunter College destroys the myth of economic progress under Mao. Claudie and Jacques Broyelle, once fervent Maoists, describe their long experience there, in "Everyday Life in the People's Republic." Michael Lindsay, professor emeritus of American University and a lifelong Sinologist, writes of utopians and pragmatists in the Chinese Communist Party. Professor Parris Chang of Pennsylvania State explores the meaning of "De-Maoization." Professor Robert Scalapino of Berkeley talks about Taiwan. Professor Audrey Donnithorne demolishes the myth that there is no inflation in China. There are fine pieces on the Chinese military technology, and a short story by Chen Jo-hsi, the author of *The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution*, called "Nixon's Press Corps." Miriam and Ivan London continue their inexhaustible research into the experiences of living victims of Mao; there is an article on Tibet, and, finally, a concluding essay by Simon Leys.

LEYS DISPOSES of the ancient crutch that China, after all, has always suffered from totalitarianism. By pointing out that it simply is not so. Maoism is as much an affront to traditional Chinese society as it would be to Swiss—or Australian—society. Confucianism taught a duality of experience, the Christian analogue of which acknowledges and respects the difference between that which is Caesar's and that which is God's. "In case of a clash between the two realms, the Confucian scholar must, in the strong and unambiguous words of Hsun-tzu, 'follow the principles and disobey the ruler.'"

Leys accosts every argument for ignoring the plight of the Chinese and, with a searing mixture of scorn, concern, and scholarship, warns against placing any confidence in the rulers of modern China, who, by using precisely the techniques of the Gang of Four, have accumulated the power to continue to prolong the ordeal of China, while we watch, silent, except in those few corners—in Australia, a cellar—where ruthless attention is still given to the primacy of truth. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A *genus of minute* crustaceans; some are hosts to *Dracunculus*, others transmit *Diphyllobothrium*
15 217 157 195 167 31 72

B. An agent which produces sense perceptions not founded upon objective reality
22 205 91 97 67 134 143 198 39 126
151 17

C. Abnormal aversion to fish
26 36 84 92 106 138 177 50 113 141
147 156 161

D. Pertaining to or caused by the bodily changes occurring at puberty
32 73 119 131 210 175 102 188 43 65
105

E. An Italian surgeon (1537-1619); Latin form of name
170 87 128 206 29 183 109 125 201

F. Latin for the time a high bodily temperature lasts
178 3 78 130 145 155 89 152 164 40
112 127

G. A medical writer (325-403) who was the Emperor Julian's physician
58 33 90 202 158 76 185 129 110

H. The falx cerebelli
204 123 159 191 133 166 6

I. Temporary abatement, *without actual* cessation, of symptoms
2 9 11 20 27 37 49 59 99 71

J. Two rolls or slices of dry bread and nine to twelve ounces of water
209 19 42 25 53 47 82 116 146 150
176 184 197 69

K. The study of methods of acquiring a good habit of body
214 64 172 160 10 38 179 117

L. *God dealt well with* the _____ - *Exodus* 1:20
221 77 48 121 93 142 12 41

M. A trephine so shaped that it will not penetrate the brain
23 88 114 95 149 200 216 212 74 108

N. Cattle plague
70 182 52 44 148 135 139 154 169 194

O. The _____ Wilson syndrome = *intercapillary* glomerulosclerosis, with diabetes, nephrosis, and gross albuminaria
8 16 30 103 4 24 28 46 60 57
80

P. Affording an outlet, referring especially to the venous outlets *from the dural* sinuses through the skull
104 5 79 122 218 132 162 203

Q. Pulled a tissue apart with needles for microscopical examination
115 51 136 186 173 66

R. A sect which based the practice of medi*cine on a few simple* rules and theories; founded c. 50 B.C.
153 54 213 208 96 13 81 189 21

S. Desquamation
163 137 144 83 190 98 193

T. Conveying anything away, as from a center
199 18 1 211 7 35 55 219

U. In a feeble manner
45 61 34 100 171 111 165 196

V. A panacea
56 68 207 124 181 187 14 118 192 75

W. Directed toward the interior
63 101 168 85 215 174

X. What automobile had the slogan "Another _____"?
94 107 86 180

Y. A river in Hesse
120 62 220 140

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1497 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 T	2 I	3 F	4 O		5 P	6 H	7 T	8 O	9 I	10 K		11 I	12 L	13 R	14 V	15 A
16 O	17 B	18 T		19 J	20 I	21 R	22 B		23 M	24 O	25 J		26 C	27 I	28 O		29 E	30 O
31 A	32 D	33 G	34 U	35 T	36 C	37 I	38 K	39 B	40 F	41 L		42 J	43 D	44 N		45 U	46 O	47 J
	48 L	49 I	50 C	51 Q	52 N	53 J	54 R	55 T	56 V	57 O		58 G	59 I		60 O	61 U	62 Y	63 W
64 K	65 D	66 Q	67 B	68 V	69 J		70 N	71 I	72 A	73 D	74 M	75 V	76 G	77 L	78 F	79 P	80 O	81 R
82 J	83 S		84 C	85 W	86 X		87 E		88 M	89 F	90 G	91 B	92 C	93 L	94 X		95 M	96 R
97 B	98 S	99 I	100U	101W	102D		103Q	104P	105D	106C	107X	108M	109E	110G	111U		112F	113C
114M	115Q		116J	117K	118V	119D	120Y	121L	122P		123H		124V	125E	126B	127F		128E
129G	130F	131D	132P	133H	134B	135N	136Q	137S	138C		139N	140Y	141C	142L	143B	144S	145F	146J
	147C	148N	149M	150J	151B	152F		153R	154N	155F	156C	157A	158G	159H		160K	161C	162P
163S		164F	165U	166H	167A	168W	169N		170E	171U	172K	173Q	174W	175D	176J		177C	178F
	179K	180X	181V	182N	183E	184J		185G	186Q		187V	188D	189R	190S		191H	192V	193S
194N	195A	196U		197J	198B	199T		200M	201E		202G	203P		204H	205B	206E		207V
208R	209J		210D	211T	212M	213R	214K	215W		216M	217A	218P	219T	220Y	221L			

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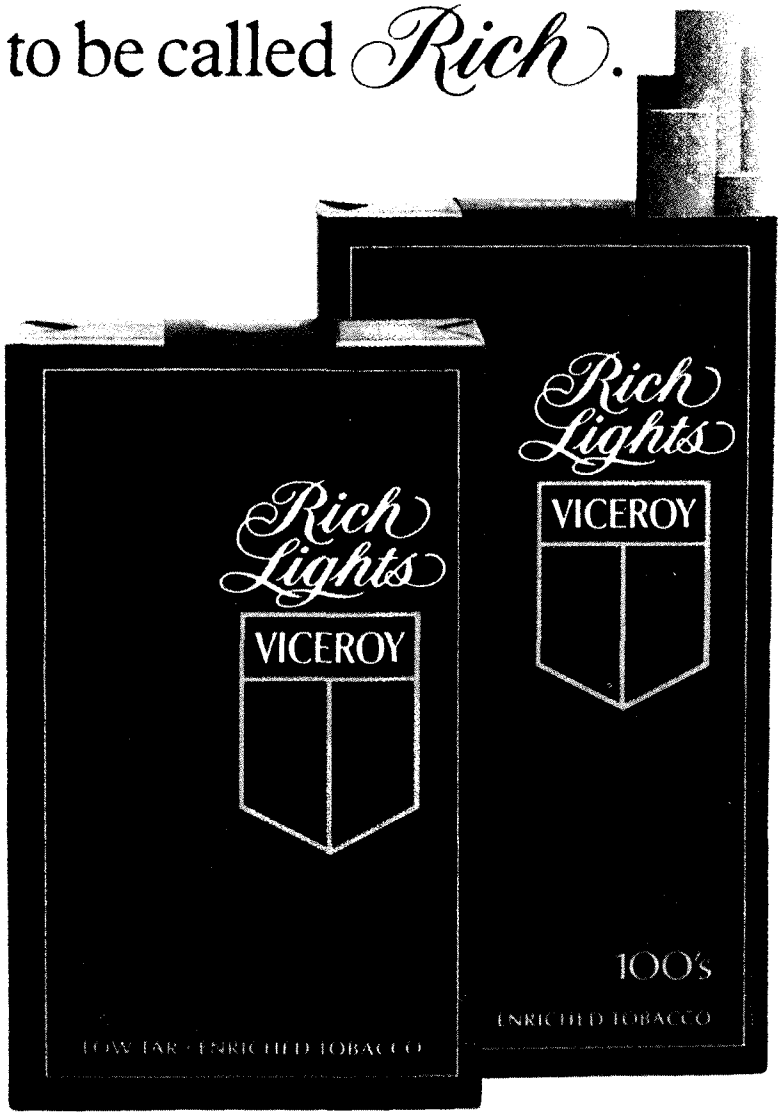

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